

MARCH 7, 1956

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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY



LORRAINE CRAPP  
Olympic swimming hope

Page 2



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## The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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MARCH 7, 1956

Vol. 23, No.

### WRAP IT, PLEASE!

THE recent outbreak of infectious hepatitis in several States has revived an old controversy about the way food is handled in this country.

For years now various doctors and public health authorities have been urging more hygienic handling of food—particularly of bread and milk. But, so far, they've been voices crying in the wilderness.

Though Australians tend to pride themselves on their personal cleanliness, there seems to be something of a national blind spot when it comes to food.

The fussiest housewife, whose person and home are both shining with cleanliness, cheerfully accepts from the baker a loaf of bread which has been bouncing round in a far from sterile basket and is given to her with a generally far from spotless hand.

The baker, busy with his ancient horse or battered truck, obviously can't be expected to keep either his basket or his hands in a state of surgical cleanliness.

But the bread could be wrapped in such a way that this wouldn't matter.

Perhaps the danger of spreading epidemics through unwrapped bread or unbottled milk is not extreme. But how silly it is to expose a whole nation, and particularly its children, to any danger which could be easily avoided.

It would be a simple matter for State Governments to make bread-wrapping and milk-bottling compulsory.

But, Governments being what they are, it's unlikely any such move would be made (particularly in the face of inevitable opposition from bread manufacturers and milk distributors) unless considerable popular demand is made for such laws.

Women, in their combined roles of meal-getters and voters, are the citizens best suited to make this demand.

### Our cover:

● Cover girl of the week is star swimmer 17-year-old Lorraine Crapp. Lorraine broke the world freestyle record for 440 yards in 24 hours at the Australian Championships last month. Lorraine, who has been described by critics as "one of the greatest swimmers Australia has produced," will have best wishes of every Australian when she swims in the Olympic Games in November. Pict. by staff photographer Clive Thompson.

### This week:

● Barbecues, we find, are one type of entertaining equally popular with both sexes. The women like them because they generally do the work—the men like them for a variety of reasons. They like the informal chance of demonstrating their cooking skills which is rarely inconsiderable, and if it is good and dark and the shrubs grow thick a chance to try the table manners of the XVIII, regardless of heaving a well-grained log over the shoulder. Our barbecue section this week, as well as pictures in color of attractive barbecue settings, tells you everything you need to know about barbecue entertaining. It does touch on the manners aspect, except to tell you how to build a fire that won't smoke good insurance against smarting-eyed scenes.

### Next week:

● Good grooming is one of the things that men applaud in their women. Next week fashion expert Betty Keep tells you how you can achieve it. Her four-page feature in detailed blueprint of good grooming that will fascinate every woman. Don't be so sure you are well groomed until you answer the question Fashion Quiz. It will give you your true grooming rating.

● With eggs at their present price luscious cakes made without eggs are cook's dream. Next week our food and cooking expert, Leila C. Howard, gives you a page of these sought-after recipes. A chocolate almond cake that gets its delicious flavor from gold syrup, cocoa, and coffee is particularly good. As well, there are eggless recipes for a baked pudding and for fruit loaves.

● With winter coming it is nice to think about spring—and next week's gardening article does just that. It tells you how to make sure of gathering bouquets of golden daffodils in the early spring, what type of bulbs to buy and how to grow them. There's a list, too, of other spring-flowering bulbs for planting now.

### THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

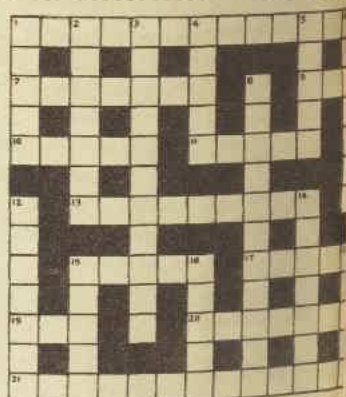
#### ACROSS

- Detailed statement in a fiction with spice (13).
- Fried food when the sun is in rise (7).
- Binding rule in a royal award (2).
- A cry of approval for a bandit (5).
- Rope a young woman to a duck (5).
- Leg in a net (Answer: 9).
- So she can be used to water the garden (5).
- A young girl is faulty (5).
- Nothing can come after it (2).
- May be called a descendant of Thedius (7).
- Kind men, dig out this part of the Empire (6, 7).

LETTERS MATED  
A O L K R I O  
O C R E D I T P I N T  
D S C R A P  
J D I O T I N G O D S  
C N R T I S T  
E M I S T R A L R  
A O C G S O  
N A R R A T E O R I E L  
G L R R E N D  
L E A R A R T I F I C E  
I N O S A R  
P U S S Y R A T I N G S

Solution of last week's crossword.

Solution will be published next week.



#### DOWN

- Clean the undergrowth (5).
- Reduce to bondage "Hail" at the end (7).
- Study a backward small company with wooden blocks to get the image breakers (11).
- Distribute the standard of perfection (5).
- There is a chopped-up log in this very cold house (5).
- Many bachelor ladies left in house in England (7).
- I cast to gain a punishment (11).
- An upstairs in a pure van (7).
- Had a place in the domestic reality (7).
- He must have been to Mecca (11).
- Loose and something is missing in it (5).
- This noisy play reminds you of the holy spirit (5).



Annabelle was really far too sympathetic . . . a charming story

By VALERIA  
WINKLER GRIFFITH

# Just hold my hand

PETER HOWARD sat in the small cubicle which he called his private office and looked out into the larger room, where Annabelle Claridge, fresh and smiling in starched white nurse's uniform, was performing her morning duties.

She fastened a towel to the head-rest of the chair and put the necessary instruments on the bracket table. Peter admired her deft movements, the sunlight on her hair, her slender figure silhouetted against the large, bright window.

She turned towards the door opening into the reception-room. Her eyes widened with sympathy, she extended an arm in a gesture of concern. The tilt of her head, the movement of her shoulders all expressed commiseration. By these signs Peter knew that his first patient of the morning had arrived. His happy mood was replaced by one of annoyance. It was like this

every day. He had engaged Annabelle Claridge three months ago, when he had opened his surgery.

She was the first applicant and it was obvious immediately that she fulfilled every requirement set down in the book. She was pleasant to look at, had a nice disposition, was efficient, and possessed a sympathetic nature.

It wasn't until later that he found out just how sympathetic her nature was. It astonished him that a girl as intelligent as Annabelle should not only be taken in by the ridiculous conduct of the people who came to his surgery, but should actually encourage it. It astonished and exasperated him that he seemed to be helpless in the matter.

He went into the other room. Tom Bristol sat in the chair, a napkin neatly fastened beneath his chin. "You're sure this one has got to be filled, Peter?" he stammered.

Peter nodded, concealing his im-

patience. Tom Bristol knew very well that the tooth had to be filled. This was, in fact, the third appointment he had made to have the work done. The other two he had broken with very flimsy excuses.

Peter assembled his instruments from the cabinet at his side, not deigning to notice the twitching of the muscle at Tom's temple or the agitated tapping of his fingers on the chair arm.

Tom was a farmer and built like one of his own young bulls. He had been a squadron-leader in the R.A.F. and had a collection of medals to show for it. He was the town hero. Peter permitted himself a smile. If people could see their hero in a dentist's chair!

It wasn't only Tom. Most of them behaved in the same way. Old Mrs. Steen had told Peter so many times how the drill made shivers run up and down her backbone he could repeat her monologue word

for word. And Tobias Whitmore wouldn't come to the surgery by himself at all. His wife had to bring him.

Tom was beginning to clamber out of the chair. Turning quickly, Peter tilted it so that by force of gravity Tom slid back into position. Peter reached for the probe.

"Heard that colt of yours gave you a nasty spill the other day," he said. "Cracked a rib, didn't you?"

"Two," Tom mumbled around the fingers in his mouth.

"Well, we won't give you a shaking up like that here."

Tom seemed neither enlightened nor reassured. Then Annabelle came to stand at his side. Her hand was white and fragile against Tom's heavily muscled brown arm.

"It's a shame, that's what it is, the way that old tooth is upsetting you." She might have been talking to an imbecile or an infant. Peter frowned at her unnoticed.

"Now I'm going to stand here," she said, "and if it hurts too much just give my hand a good hard squeeze." Tom grinned foolishly up at her and inwardly Peter seethed.

After Tom had gone, Peter sat once more at his desk, ostensibly opening the mail, actually watching Annabelle tidy the surgery.

It would do no good to talk firmly to Annabelle. He had tried it before. She had just looked at him innocently with misty blue eyes, the type that would brim readily with tears. "Why, Peter — Mr. Howard,

I'm just being friendly. I just feel sorry for them."

"You don't need to feel sorry for my patients," Peter had said, trying not to shout, trying to maintain a calm, objective attitude. "I'm not torturing them, you know. I'm performing a necessary service, employing the latest techniques and the finest equipment."

For a day or two Annabelle would improve and then the first thing he knew she would be hovering over a patient, soothing, cajoling. The fact that she spoke with a soft voice that held a lingering caress added to the effect.

Annabelle hummed as she watered the three pink geraniums she had bought for the window-sill. Pink geraniums had not been in Peter's original plans for his surgery, but he found them a pleasant addition.

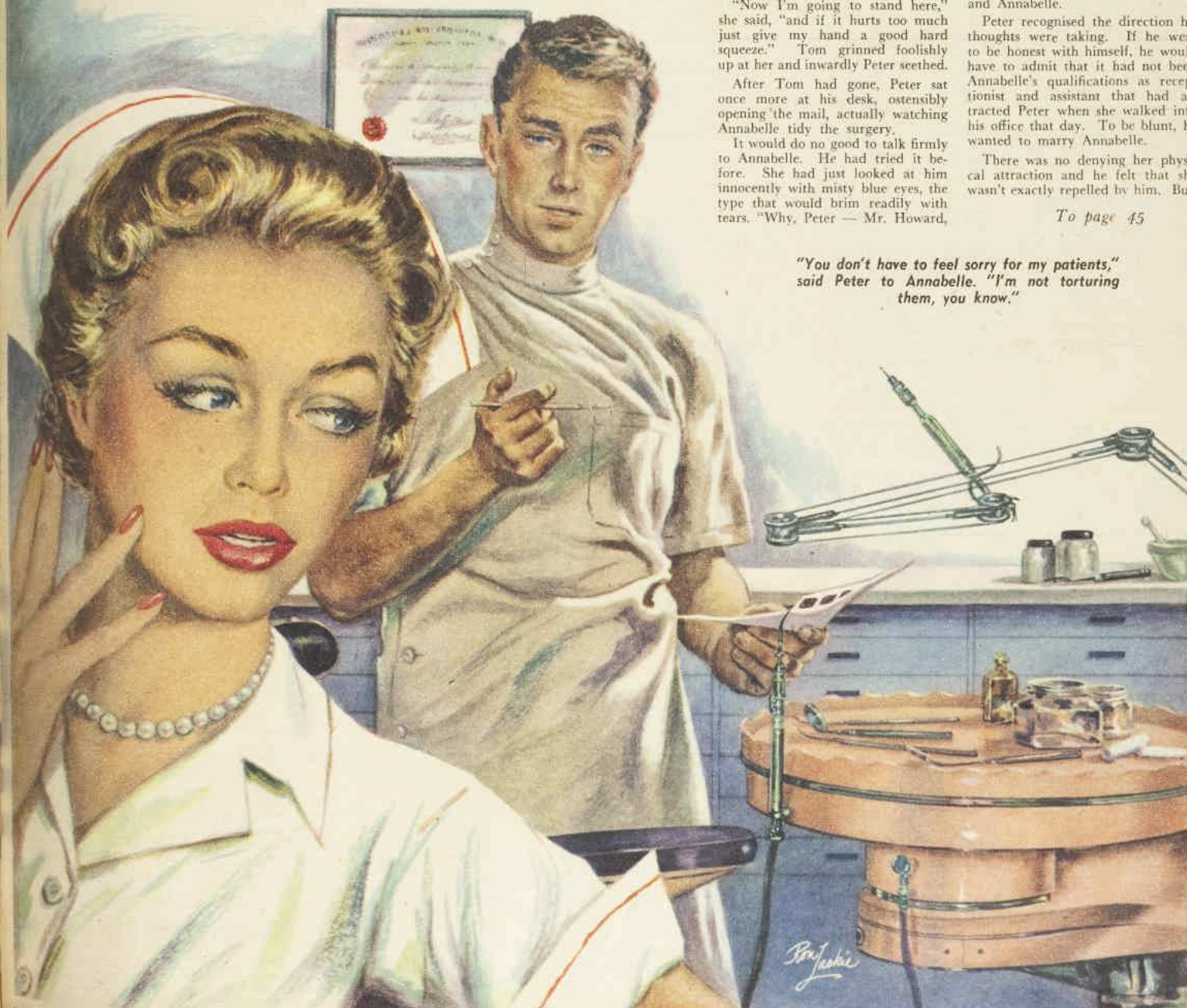
Actually it was hard to think that he had ever made plans for a surgery that didn't include geraniums and Annabelle.

Peter recognised the direction his thoughts were taking. If he were to be honest with himself, he would have to admit that it had not been Annabelle's qualifications as receptionist and assistant that had attracted Peter when she walked into his office that day. To be blunt, he wanted to marry Annabelle.

There was no denying her physical attraction and he felt that she wasn't exactly repelled by him. But,

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"You don't have to feel sorry for my patients," said Peter to Annabelle. "I'm not torturing them, you know."





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**BY AGNES SLIGH TURNBULL**

# The Golden Journey

**I**t was a beautiful mildly warm late afternoon, and mellow, with the approach of the year's fruitage in the air even in the city. Paul, countrybred as he was, sensed this acutely and longed for the farm as he drove home after his day's work. He had always loved the autumn months with peculiar intensity, feeling within them a sense of fulfilment and well-being.

Last fall his feeling had had its climax in the unspeakable joy of his marriage; this year there was added another to make it complete — his fatherhood — with the possibility of his election in November to crown it. This is the way it should have been if the present problem of Kirkland's involvements had not cast its dark shadow over all.

Why must life always be checked? he wondered. Why could the human soul never enjoy pure and unmixed happiness? Was it due to the inherent complexities of man? Was it a reflection of Nature's dual capacity to produce and nourish and yet at the same time to rend and kill? Was it, perhaps, the design of God himself?

These thoughts kept going round and round in Paul's mind, mingled with the distracting uncertainty of when to have it all out with Kirkland. It must be soon, and had better be in his office downtown, of course.

They were dining that evening, he knew, with Mrs. Catherby, the first one since the birth of the baby. He found Anne very bright and eager.

"I always love to go to Gran's," she said, "and I'm dressing up. She likes that. She doesn't demand black tie, but I'd put on a dark suit if I were you. Jimmy always does. How did things go today?"

"Oh, so-so. How's my namesake?"  
"Sweeter than ever. He laughed and cooed all through his bath. He loves it! I wish you could see him. Will you be home all this weekend?"

"Most of it, I think. Is Jimmy all right?"  
"Yes, he seemed in unusually good spirits, I thought. He actually sat down and played with the baby. Besides, he's like me, he's always pleased to be going to Gran's. She wants us early, dear, so maybe you'd better get dressed."

"Ten minutes first to rest my eyes on you?" The anxiety and fear in his heart made his voice more wistful than he knew.

Anne smiled up at him. "You're such a sweet, sweet silly! All right — I'll grant you ten."

When they reached Mrs. Catherby's apartment, as usual its peace lapped them round. It was not only the distinguished beauty of the furnishings, nor the perfection of the service, which reflected long years of expert housekeeping; it was, more than these, the loving warmth, the rich intelligence, the charm and grace of a rare spirit that reached out to meet and hold them. Kirkland sank into a deep chair with an audible expression of satisfaction.

"Listen to Jimmy purr!" Anne said laughing. "I honestly don't know how you do it, Gran, but your room is somehow more comfortable than any of ours."

"Wait till you are my age, darling, then you'll have learned just where all the kinks come in the human frame and have selected your chairs accordingly. We are having some cocktails out of respect to you two young things. Jimmy, will you join me in sherry as usual? And, by the way, how are you?"

"Yes, sherry, please. Oh, I'm all right. It's just this fool of a doctor that put wrong ideas in my head. I've got to 'take it easy,' to slow up, to remember I'm not as young as I was. Makes me feel about a hundred. I promised him I'd follow all his confounded advice for a while, but if he thinks I'm going to keep it up indefinitely he's crazy."

He changed the subject and soon afterwards dinner was announced, to be followed by a time of pleasant, stimulating conversation. Just before they left, Kirkland threw a mild bombshell.

"I've decided to go to the capital for a couple of weeks," he said. "Leave tomorrow. There are a few little things I want to attend to there before election. A few little things," he repeated, looking fondly and meaningly at Paul.

"Jimmy, the glorified puppeteer," Anne said teasingly. Paul's heart failed him.

"Leaving early?" He tried to sound casual.

"Yep. I want to get the eight-thirty train, so I'd better be saying goodnight now, Ellie. Wonderful evening as

always. Fine dinner. Tell that cook of yours she improves with age. Well, you young folks staying on?"

Paul rose at once. "I don't want to tear you away, Anne, but I really should go, too."

They made their affectionate farewells and were soon in their own car. Paul drove silently and Anne watched him with side glances.

"What's wrong?" she asked at last.

"You always know, don't you?"

"I should hope so. What is it?"

"I'm worried over something — I'll tell you later — but tonight I want to speak to your father."

"Oh . . . politics!" Anne said, drawing a long sigh. "Well, don't stay up too late the two of you. Or have too many nightcaps again," she added.

When Paul had seen her safely to her room he went to Kirkland's study and found the older man putting papers in a briefcase.

"I've got to talk to you, Jimmy," he said. "I wouldn't have chosen this hour, but if you're leaving in the morning for two weeks I'm afraid it will have to be now."

Kirkland sat down and motioned Paul to a chair, eyeing him shrewdly.

"Go ahead," he said. "What's on your mind?"

Paul swallowed hard. All his premeditated approach left him. His heart was beating furiously.

"It's this," he blurted out. "I've discovered that you have a hook-up with Camponelli."

He had expected Kirkland to show shock, shame, confusion. Instead, he reached for a cigarette, lighted it, and nodded calmly.

"I have dealings with him, of course."

"City or State?"

"Well, both, if it comes to that."

"And you take money from him? You've taken it for my own campaign?"

"Sure. And glad to get it. Now, look here, Paul, just what are you driving at? I don't especially like being put on the witness stand like this. I know my own business and attend to it. Suppose you do the same."

"I tell you this is my business. When I accepted your offer I had no idea you were working hand-in-glove with the gangsters! I suppose Arno does the really dirty work for you while you sit back and take the money. The whole business is rotten! Can't you see that?"

"Now you just take it easy," Kirkland's voice was still calm, but an ominous light was growing in his eyes. "You don't know how the whole set-up works these days. I've got to play ball with Camponelli. We've all got to take things as they are. We've got to be realistic."

"We have not," Paul cried. "Can't you see for yourself what you're doing! By accepting it and playing along with it you're making it worse. As for me, I can't be a party to filthy politics!"

Kirkland was calm no longer. His face was flushed and the veins thick on his forehead.

"Just what do you mean?"

"I mean what I said. I'm not going around making speeches to decent people on Camponelli's money! If I'm elected I give you fair warning I'm going to fight against this thing. I'm going to tell the people the truth from now on in the Senate or out of it. I'm going to stand on the side of clean government, and," his voice faltered, "if this means a break with you, then it will have to be."

Kirkland was on his feet now and his breathing was heavy.

"Why, you young fool! You don't know what you're talking about. Without me, you'd be nowhere! You don't know this game any more than a baby. I've arranged everything! I got you nominated. If you behave yourself I'll get you elected! Why don't you let me run things and keep your mouth shut?"

"Because I know too much about the whole set-up now and I can't go along with you if you stick to it. From now on I'll have to go my own way."

They were both standing, Kirkland furious, Paul tense. "You've taken everything from me," Kirkland shouted. "Everything! You married my daughter, you live in my house, you eat my bread, and now you turn against me! You'll block all we planned to do together. You're an ungrateful

"At least I'm not a dirty crook!" Paul shouted back. He thought at first Kirkland meant to strike him, but he



"Stop! Stop! Go away from me! I hate you! I loathe you!" Anne exclaimed frantically as Arno's face pressed close to hers.



wheeled suddenly, left the room, and tore up the stairs faster than Paul could have done. A door slammed above.

Paul sank into a chair, his head in his hands. "What have I done! What have I done!" he groaned. "But what else could I have done?"

He sat for a long time, wondering how he could ever tell Anne. One thing was sure. In the morning, early, he would see Kirkland and apologise for his last words. He would retract nothing else but try to make amends for the harsh rudeness of his phrasing. After all, his indebtedness to the older man was indeed so great he should have tempered his statements, he should have kept his self-control at any cost, he should not have angered him.

When he went upstairs at last he found to his relief that Anne was asleep. He undressed quickly and slipped into bed, lying tense and awake, his heart still pounding in his breast. A bitterness assailed him as he remembered Kirkland's last words. He didn't have to throw up to me that I was eating his bread and living in his house, he thought.

After an hour, however, he could feel nothing but distress at having caused the older man pain. His friend! Anne's father! He got out of bed cautiously and made his way to Kirkland's door. If he heard the slightest sound to indicate that the Chief, also, was restless and awake, he would go in and try at once to soften the memory of the blow, though he could not recall it.

But as he stood, holding his breath in the still hallway, no sound came from within the room. He must, then, have dropped off. It would be wrong to wake him up to face disturbing thoughts again, if he had been able to sleep. He went back to his own room and finally, towards morning, was wrapped himself in forgetfulness.

He awoke with a knocking at their room door and the feeling that it must be Kirkland, stopping to say goodbye before he left the house. He was ashamed he had overslept and missed having breakfast with him. He opened the door quickly to find Hackett there, his face stricken.

"Mr. Paul," he said huskily, "I can't waken Mr. Kirkland. I'm afraid . . . I'm afraid . . ."

Paul brushed past him and entered his father-in-law's room. He lay as if in sleep, but one look, one touch was enough to show that this was a sleep from which there was no awakening.

The great drawing-room, so seldom opened, was once again filled with white flowers and candlelight; but now there were

no echoing voices as at the wedding, only the cold hush and the still, vast dignity of death. Within this quiet and utter detachment, Anne sat close to the one who for the first time in her life did not reach out eager arms of love to her. In spite of all entreaties she would not leave the place by day and only under pressure by night. Her grief was stony, remote, absolute. After her first piteous cries to Paul when the sudden and ghastly truth was broken to her, she withdrew into her inner sorrowing as though by closing the door of her spirit to all in the outside world she could remain nearer to the one who had passed beyond it.

Even at night, when she and Paul were alone, her stricken reserve did not change.

"I know — oh, my darling, I know what he has always meant to you," Paul begged, "but don't put a wall between us now when I long to help you, to share the sorrow with you. Can't you see I'm suffering with you, especially since I . . ."

"Don't," she said. "Don't remind me of that. I'm not putting up the wall, it's just there. It's because no one can feel what I do. I've got to get used to even the thought of life without him, let alone the actuality of it. I knew he wasn't well, of course, but I never once thought of a serious condition. I can't accept this — I can't adjust — I can't believe it. Just let me alone, Paul. Please."

She did not, of course, know all, but she did know that Paul and her father had had a sharp quarrel the night of his death.

Through her white lips she had uttered only one reproach. "I begged you, Paul, never to hurt him." And from the depths of his own contrition he had answered only, "I know, I know. I lost my head."

Paul in his own pain and remorse had gone to Mrs. Catherby. The shock had been very hard on her physically, and the doctor had forbidden her to leave her apartment.

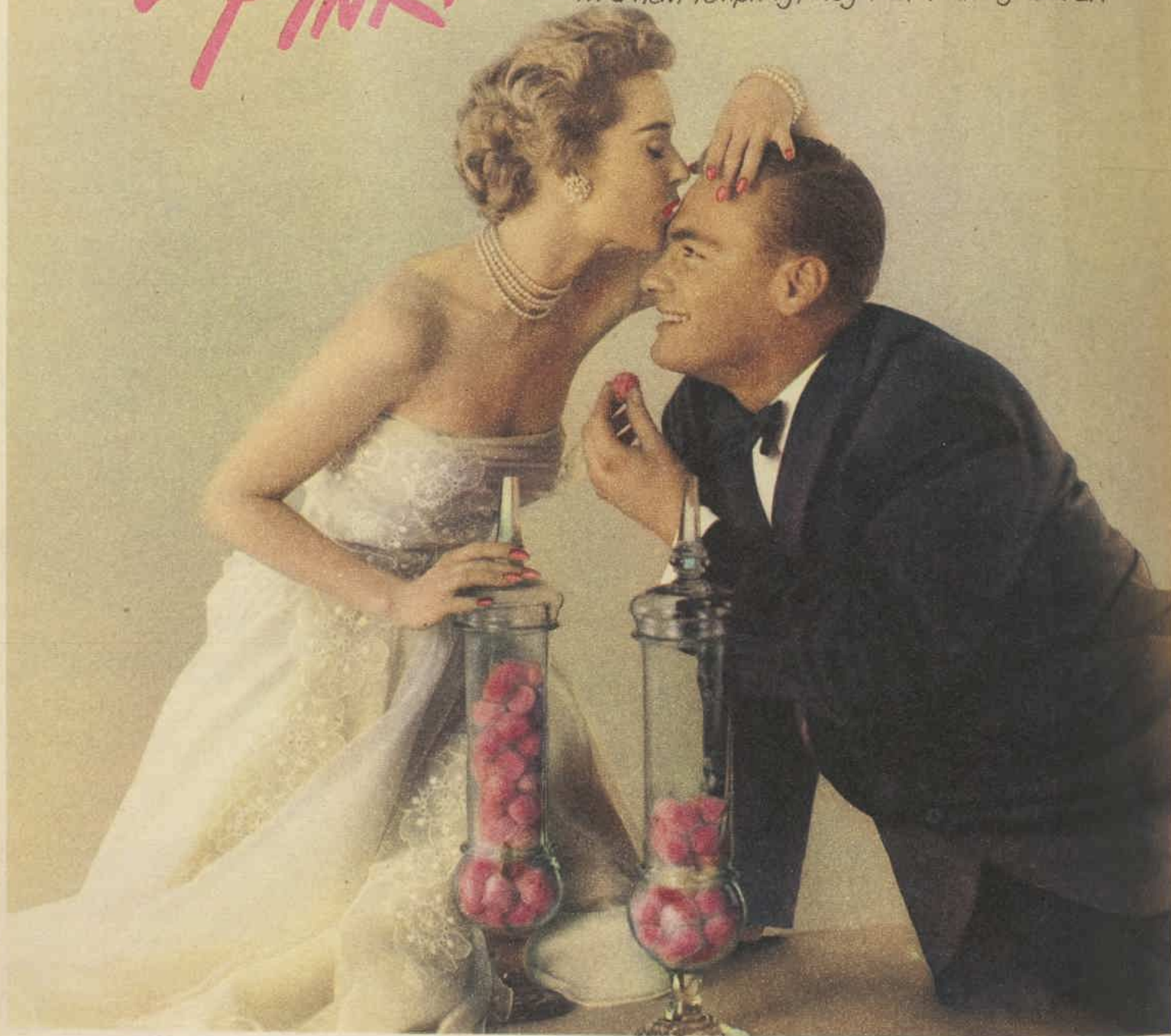
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*This Spring, he'll love you in*

# PINK 'N SWEET

*... a new, tempting, rosy-soft Pink by CUTEX*



**CUTEX** weave new colour magic  
with "PINK 'N SWEET" . . . a pink as thrilling as a  
new romance — designed for your prettiest, most romantic  
moods ! If you're a girl who dresses to please men—  
remember that he'll love you in "PINK 'N SWEET" this Spring !



## TRY PINK 'N SWEET TONIGHT

in CUTEX "Stayfast" Lipstick—creamy smooth  
and so glamorous on your lips ! Put it on—  
blot gently with a tissue — and see the pretty results !  
Then match up your fingertips with CUTEX "PINK 'N SWEET"  
Nail Polish — gleaming and hard-wearing !

CUTEX "PINK 'N SWEET" Stayfast Lipstick, 4/6.  
CUTEX "PINK 'N SWEET" Nail Polish, 2/11.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—March 7, 1956



# Wake up and get famous

BY TOM BRADSHAW

FEELING a pal of yours lying quiet and pale on a hospital bed is something of a jolt. Add to the scene the sobbing of his blond girl-friend and you've got yourself a bona fide situation. "Take it easy, Lilly," I said to my girl-friend. "It may not be as bad as we think. Philip is a pretty tough individual."

I guess those weren't the right lines. Lilly had been crying before I spoke, but when I finished she finally turned loose the tears. Not that I blamed the kid. Philip didn't look good, not good at all. But who would after getting pounded off the bumper-bar of a taxicab and landing right on his head?

"Take it easy, baby," I said again, for lack of further inspiration. And then, leaving Lilly sobbing softly, I drifted out into the corridor and looked up the doctor standing Philip.

"Give it to me straight, Doc," I said. "I can take it. What are the odds on the boy's recovery?"

The doctor gave me a funny stare and looked for a minute like he was trying to cover up a laugh. I didn't get it, but then he said, "Oh, Mr. Peterson is going to pull through. Barring unforeseen complications, he should be out of the hospital in ten days or two weeks as good as new. It wasn't too bad a concussion."

"Gee, that's great, Doc," I said. "Will he be able to work on schedule?"

"What sort of work does he do?"

"He's a brass man," I said. "Plays trumpet in Cornie Cornelli's band. One of the best in the world, but he makes a living—with a little help from me. I'm his agent."

"Well," the doctor said, "outside of giving him an occasional headache, perhaps, I don't see any reason why music should hamper Mr. Peterson's recovery."

I hurried back to Philip's room and told Lilly the good news. She was so pleased she let me buy her dinner—at the most expensive restaurant in town. Not that I minded much, because Lilly was a beautiful kid.

I couldn't figure out at the time—and it has puzzled me on occasion since—what she saw in Philip, just a fair trumpet hand in a second-string dance band around town. He was a quiet country boy who couldn't play a note without the music in front of him.

Lilly and I went over to talk to Philip every day, since the doctor wouldn't let the boy do any reading or watch the television set we had rented for him.

Then came a day when Lilly and I just happened to meet at the hospital entrance; I stopped on the way through the lobby and bought the kid some newspapers and magazines. Philip had given me the word by phone that the lid was off on reading.

He seemed as glad to see us as usual, but his face really lighted up when he spotted the bundle under

my arm. "Toss me the papers," he said. "I haven't read a racing chart for over a week."

The light went out of his eyes as soon as he opened the first tabloid. "Hey, Harry," he said accusingly, "what's the idea of bringing me a bunch of Russian newspapers? If that's your idea of a joke..."

Lilly and I looked at each other. The guy was holding a copy of the New York "Daily News," and that sheet has been printed in the President's English as long as I can remember.

"I don't get you, kid," I said. "What do you mean, Russian papers?"

"Look at this gibberish," Philip said. "If that isn't Russian, I'll eat it. The words don't mean anything."

I took a gander at the page he was turned to. I never got beyond the sixth grade, but even I could read every word of it.

The next twenty-four hours were a nightmare for all concerned. I ran for the doctor and told him it looked like our boy had had something jarred loose that the medics hadn't noticed up to then. Poor Lilly was convinced Philip was off his rocker for good, and, of course, all this didn't make Philip feel any better.

The doctor—and a couple of friends he called in—made a raft of tests and finally they came up with the answer. The knock on the head had done something to Philip's brain or his optic nerves. Everything he looked at came up backwards.

And the worst of it was they said there wasn't anything they could do about it—except to send him home and wait. There was an off-chance the trouble might clear itself up—or he might stay mixed up the rest of his life.

Not being able to read his favorite columns in the newspapers was a bad enough blow, but that was the least of it. Lilly was worried sick Philip's feelings towards her might change if she no longer looked the same to him. And then there was his music.

Philip wouldn't even touch his trumpet and he had a full-scale relapse when he discovered all his sheet music looked backwards to him, too.

I was really worried about him and Lilly and I agreed to drop by his apartment at least once a day to make sure he didn't get any funny ideas. Eleven days after he came out of the hospital I was strolling towards his place, enjoying the nice weather, when I spotted a crowd gathered on the sidewalk in front of Philip's rooming-house.

I started to run, wondering what the kid had done to himself. But then something about the mob on the sidewalk struck me as peculiar. It was all kids in their teens. And they weren't acting like a crowd outside a house of disaster. Some of them were dancing and the rest were keeping time with their hands.

All of a sudden the music hit me. It was coming out of an open second-floor window—Philip's win-

dow. It was the worst trumpet I ever heard. Hardened though I was to music in almost any form, this was horrible. Agent or not, I couldn't see anybody listening to the boy play like that—but there were those boppers flipping all over the place.

"Philip," I shouted, when I'd fought my way into the house and up to his room, "what happened, boy? What're you doing?"

He finished out the number and put down the trumpet. Then he said, "I don't know, Harry. I just decided to try my hand a little while ago. It didn't sound too good, but I kept playing—and then you came in."

We experimented the rest of the afternoon. He played and I looked



out the window at the kids in the street. No matter how awful his playing sounded to me, it kept sending the crowd in front of the house.

I finally hit on the idea of following the music as he played; and just as I suspected, he was playing everything backwards—each staff from right to left instead of vice versa.

Philip's life was strictly out of Hans Christian Andersen after that. He went back with Cornelli's band and it didn't take long for the word to spread that a new Gabriel had been born. The public took to him like kids to candy. They packed every hall and theatre he appeared in. They screamed and fainted and rioted in the streets trying to get close to him.

And through it all Philip managed to keep his head. He put his foot down when it was suggested the name of the band ought to be changed to give him top billing over Cornelli.

The boy was a real sweetheart from way back. He even saved his

money in a manner unusual for Broadway—said he wanted to buy a farm some day, get away from the bright lights, and settle down with Lilly. Not even the crowning event of his career—a solo concert at Carnegie Hall—affected his hat size.

It was a great moment for all of us the night he walked out on stage. Philip never played worse—that is, the crowd never liked him better. But at the climax, just as he reached for one of the highest notes I ever heard come out of a trumpet, it happened.

I saw him stagger like someone had hit him and the note he was trying to hit screeched down, down, down. The audience didn't catch on right away, but when he went into his next number—the last one on the programme—it wasn't the same at all. The magic was gone and the paying customers just sat there.

As soon as he came off stage I rushed up to Philip and asked him what had happened.

"I don't know exactly, Harry," he

*No matter how awful Philip's playing sounded, the crowds outside were obviously mad about it.*

said, "but when I tried for that high note something in my head popped—and I just couldn't play crazy any more. I could play backwards, but I didn't feel it that way any more."

I pulled a racing form out of my pocket and shoved it at him. "Quick, Philip," I said, "take a gander at this. Is it Russian or English?"

It was English.

Well, that's the story. Philip retired on his savings, bought a farm upstate, and settled down there with Lilly.

But right now I'm off to catch a train. I got a telephone call from Lilly a little while ago. She didn't make much sense—wanted me to come up as soon as I could. She said something about Philip falling off a tractor on his head.

(Copyright)



# VENUS and the ladies

By ALAN MAITLAND



**A**GATHA PENNYBODDY paused in her story and relaxed into the depths of her chintz-covered arm-chair with a deep and perplexing sigh, and the clippety-clop of a passing grocer's cart down the lane was the only sound that disturbed the awesome silence of this ultra-feminine gathering.

Miss Maria Templestomer, a gaunt and angular mouse-blond of forbidding height, uttered a snort of disgust and stared unseeing at the minutes of their last meeting. She felt she ought to do something and she was very angry.

The other occupants of Miss Pennyboddy's drawing-room maintained a stolid silence and waited for their secretary to make a move. A growing disbelief seemed the only expression they were capable of.

Miss Templestomer spoke at last, and her voice held the frosty and frigid tones of a headmistress, for such she was, admonishing some wretched miscreant of the lower school.

"Nonsense," she ejaculated. "Complete and utter nonsense!"

The purpose of the meeting was forgotten. The business of the Marston 'neath the Willow Horticultural Society had taken a swift K.O. in the face of this new and incredible story which their chairman had casually dropped among them. And the cause of all this bother stirred the hornets' nest anew. Agatha Pennyboddy, for all her diminutive stature, her meek exterior, and placid nature, was at heart a worthy offshoot of a long and sturdy line of merchant adventurers.

"Yes!" she said dreamily. "It does sound silly, I suppose, and I can't blame you all for disbelieving me, and anyone else would, I dare say, and really, it wasn't my fault I didn't take that drink which all you others had. It just happened, and if you ask me why, then for the life of me I couldn't tell you."

"It came in a twinkling . . . one minute we were settled comfortably in the cabin of that marvellous aeroplane looking at the countryside beneath, and then there was a wouff and a noise like those V2s used to make in the war. After that, all we could see was a tiny ball ever so far away and getting smaller every second; and I wouldn't have dreamed what it was except that I could recognise Africa with India just a little to the right."

She placed her cottageware cup and saucer upon the fragile coffee-

table and closed her eyes with such a smile of happiness that her face became positively radiant.

There was such a lot she couldn't tell them. For a moment she glanced across the room and shuddered inwardly at the look of disgust upon the face of Maria Templestomer. Oh no! she thought. I certainly shouldn't tell them everything. It would be most unwise. And the inscrutable smile they had seen before settled once again upon her delicate features.

"We were setting off on the annual trip, you know," she explained at length, "and if it hadn't been for that wonderful gift from the Squire I dare say we should have gone by train and nothing would have happened at all."

"We know all that," almost shrieked Miss Templestomer. "We can remember the flight exactly, and nothing did happen. It's these lies you are telling which shock us. You are shameless, Agatha."

Agatha Pennyboddy ignored the interruption and went dreamily on. "It was crowded at the airport and so difficult to find out which was our aeroplane. There was another party, too! A lot of scientists or something. I think they were going off to a meeting on interstellar space travel."

"I know it all sounded very silly to me. Anyway, something had gone wrong with our aeroplane. They said it was a missing plug and I think someone was trying to find it, and to save time they changed aeroplanes and gave us the one the scientists were going to fly in."

"There was a man, an awfully kind young man in a blue uniform, and he helped . . . yes! he helped a lot. I can see him now beckoning us out of the building . . ."

"This way, ladies," said the traffic officer. "That's your aeroplane over there. Now hurry."

The twenty or so rather perplexed women, who obviously had never been in the air before, moved out on to the concrete apron in the direction of their machine. In the terminal building they had gathered in a solid phalanx near the buffet, and any unwary traveller who accidentally tried to pass through their ranks had been met with glassy stares and an impenetrable barrier of tweed. They were individuals again now as they went towards the aircraft. And strung out in a long file, each carried her overnight bag; and twenty chins jutted forward stoically.

Up through the clouds they flew, out beyond the fields and the cliffs. Now they were over the sea and still climbing. More cloud. Wispy traces of white cotton-wool floating past the engine cowlings. Tiny rivulets of black oil snaked down towards the wing's trailing edge. It was all very strange and wonderful.

Captain Bill Anklemann settled down to another uneventful trip. He'd flown this route more times than he could remember. He glanced at his altimeter and throttled back, eased the elevator trim a little, and adjusted the aircraft on level flight. Tachometer needles were steady at cruising revs. Everything checked: pressures and temperatures—nothing unusual there. He eased the auto-pilot into mesh.

"Keep an eye on things, Ken," he said to his First Officer and levered himself out of his seat. He'd better talk to the ladies, he thought, and see they were settling down.

Along either side of the central aisle the compact feminine array faced the Captain's entry with equanimity. Anything was possible now, seemed the general impression. Already they were used to the idea of the ground being far from where it should have been. They waited for him to speak and wondered if he would.

"Ladies," he announced nonchalantly. "We have a good weather forecast, and our trip should be very smooth. I expect to land at Nice before lunch-time."

He strolled on down the aisle and chatted briefly with the more timid-looking ones, and by the time he'd reached the after end of the cabin and checked with Janice Starr, the air-hostess, he'd left behind him a cabin full of changed and buoyant passengers.

It was the red warning light on the cabin wall which made him start. "Fasten your safety-belts" gleamed steadily at them. Hearts began to flutter.

Horror, thought Anklemann, and he walked forward again, and then the aircraft surged heavily beneath him, and there was a roar like the banishes let loose. He gripped the nearest seat to steady himself and struggled on towards the cockpit.

"It's all right, ladies," he said casually. "I think we've hit a thermal. Just fasten your belts."

The First Officer had already throttled back and was holding the control column fully forward. It

made no difference. They were shooting up like a rocket with the climb and descent needle jammed at maximum climb.

Anklemann tried the controls for movement. Full elevator and aileron travel had no effect at all. He cut his four motors and tried to work it out. The altimeter was steady at their normal cruising level of ten thousand feet. The air-speed indicator read zero. The clock had stopped and so for that matter had his own watch, and those of his crew.

Already they must have climbed over sixty thousand feet and were still going up at an alarming rate, and yet the aircraft, after its initial surge, was as steady as a rock. He recalled they had only two emergency oxygen bottles. He studied his rate of breathing and looked around at his crew. Odd, he thought. No need for oxygen here. It was all very strange.

After a while, just sitting at the controls seemed a pure waste of time. He decided to reassure the passengers, and as he moved back he leaned over to look at the ground, but all he saw was a sphere, and it looked like a geographical globe that stood in the main hall of the terminal building.

The ladies were alarmed and smiled unhappily as he entered the cabin. It was Miss Pennyboddy who spoke first.

"I say, Captain," she shrieked. "Isn't that the earth down there?"

"I'm afraid it is, Madam," he replied. "It would have done Christopher Columbus a power of good to have seen it like that."

At that moment Miss Starr arrived in their midst with a tray of steaming coffee-cups. She was a Canadian.

"This is the darndest flight I've ever been on," she said, "but at least the hot-plate works. Might as well have a barbecue. There's a pile of sweet corn coming up."

By the time the party was ready they were all in the cabin, passengers and crew alike. Captain Anklemann had decided by this time that Company regulations were defunct. After all, he reasoned, with the earth the size of a pin-head, it didn't seem to make any darned difference whichever way you looked at it.

Later, as the surrounding gloom darkened and a coal-black night encompassed them with the winking

stars brighter than they'd ever seen them before, Janice Starr discovered a crate in the pantry locker. It was full of canned beer and must have been meant for the scientists, who by now were likely enough dying of thirst.

"Look, Skipper," she said, and held a can of beer aloft.

"That's for me," Anklemann said with bold decision, "regulations be damned!" And with the censoring eyes of Marston 'neath the Willow far removed, the genteel ladies of the village Horticultural Society broached the cargo with a will.

Sandy, the Flight Engineer, looked at the dimming cabin lights. "May as well have a generator going, Skipper," he said, "otherwise we'll soon be in the dark."

Anklemann heaved himself out of a spare seat. "Right-o," he replied. "I'll start the starboard outer. It won't make any darned difference to where we're going, and there's plenty of fuel. If it's possible to be in a darker spot than we are now, I'd like to hear of it."

The long night went on and eventually they slept, with Sandy keeping a quite unnecessary watch. He prowled around the ship and sniffed the air. He felt the outer skin of the fuselage through an inspection hole in the rear bulkhead. It was as cool as the proverbial cucumber.

"It's very odd," he said aloud. And recalled the countless science-fiction stories he'd read. There was no skin friction, no excessive heat. Plenty of oxygen. It just didn't make sense.

And then he noticed a greenish glow illuminating the cabin. He decided Miss Pennyboddy looked quite attractive in that color. He looked through a cabin window and nearly died of fright. A huge circular sphere, glowing like burning copper, filled the entire scene. He grabbed the skipper and shook him awake.

"Look at that!" he shouted. They were rushing now at a fantastic speed towards the ever-growing disc.

"Gravity pull," said Anklemann calmly. "It wouldn't surprise me if we do a half-roll before very long."

The ladies, too, were awake now, and stared unbelievably at the approaching planet. They could see mountains and forests now and the waves of an azure sea. The aircraft, as Captain Anklemann had foreseen, was slowly making a half-roll.

*It hardly seemed possible that the Venuseans knew nothing about love*





The planet was now beneath them. As they entered its atmosphere the light grew steadily stronger until it reached the intensity of a tropical day.

The skipper gathered his crew around him and moved forward to the cockpit. "Fellows," he said, "we'll either prang good and hard or make a very peculiar landing. I think the latter, because there's more in this than meets the eye."

"You've said it, chum," voiced Skelton. "I reckon we're on a beam or something. I've felt it all the time."

"In that case, Skip, you'd better lower the undercart. It may come in useful."

"Have a look in the cabin, Sandy, and warn them we're going in to land."

Sandy moved off at the Skipper's command, and returned with a grin on his face.

Ankleman looked over his shoulder. "How did they take it?" he said.

"Seemed to me they couldn't care less," said Sandy. "They were doing themselves up like a bally chorus. That Miss Pennyboddy's quite a gal."

"On your panel, brother," said the Skipper dryly, "and watch those gauges. We haven't air-speed, thrust, or lift. I reckon we're in a state of controlled stall, but I'll land this kite or bust."

The ground now was very close, and they were gradually slowing down and descending upon an air-field of fantastic size. Around the perimeter was drawn a line of circular discs which gleamed with silvery iridescence.

"Saucers," said Skelton. "Hundreds of 'em. Well, what d'you know?"

They landed vertically without a tremor on the smooth, metalled surface, and approaching them came a deputation of tall, handsome, and straight-limbed men. They gathered near the cabin door and waited for it to open.

Among the women all was delightful confusion. The ladies of Marston 'neath the Willow gazed rapturously at the assembled male gathering.

"My, but they're a fine lot," cried a lady of middling age. "Boy, oh boy," said another, "I can't see a

To page 45

And there was Miss Agatha Pennyboddy sitting in a sort of coral grotto with a young and handsome Venusean.



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## Letters from our Readers

*£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as £10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.*

### WEEK'S BEST LETTER

**BEFORE** one decries too loudly the destruction wrought by vandals, perhaps it would be as well to ask: "Am I responsible?"

For instance, have you ever, in the presence of your own or somebody else's children, crowed about evading taxes? Have you ever boasted about beating the Government for a tram fare? Have you ever thoughtlessly left rubbish lying scattered in parks with the remark, "Let the council worry about it?"

If you haven't given a good example to others; if you haven't taught your children to treat other folk's property as their own; if you delight in "putting one over" the Government, then you are not only largely to blame for acts of vandalism but you—and, unfortunately, all other Australians—are paying for your thoughtlessness to the tune of millions (in Victoria alone vandalism costs the State approximately three million pounds a year) every year.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Gordon, Horsham, Vic.

**AS** a motorist and a keen amateur photographer, I would like to suggest that all drivers carry cameras. I have found this practice extremely useful, particularly when involved in an accident, however slight. It has also benefited other drivers whose cars have been in accidents that I have witnessed.

10/6 to Miss Thelma Smith, Nunawading, Vic.

**AN** acquaintance returning from Japan says that an amazing proportion of masseurs there are blind people. I don't know whether this applies in Australia. Yet here is a field in which sight is not important. Probably the lack of it would be more than compensated for by that delicate sensitivity of touch so often acquired by the blind.

10/6 to F.C. (name supplied), Berwick, Vic.

**WHY** is it that a bill, the most personal of our mail, is almost always unsealed? Of all the letters we receive a bill is the one we would like most of all to be secret. Even if the extra postage required to seal it were added to the account, it would be worth the expense to retain the privacy.

10/6 to Mrs. E. L. Nasslow, Rockley, N.S.W.

**ALTHOUGH** my birth certificate states that my Christian names are Raymond Lewis, my parents, five sisters, and one brother never call me by either of these names. As the youngest member of the family I am invariably called "Babe." In the days of my youth it was not so bad, but now, at the age of 34, I find it causes considerable amusement to others and considerable embarrassment to me.

10/6 to Raymond Lewis Cantwell, Oxford, England.

**HAVE** other homes a censoring physician like my own? My husband will invariably try any medicines prescribed for me on himself and announce that they are no good if they do not agree with him. I am sure he thinks married life produces a set of symptoms which a prescription for either will cure.

10/6 to "Medical" (name supplied), Oatley, N.S.W.

### The pulpit

**HAVING** always been a regular churchgoer, I disagree with P.A.C. (The Australian Women's Weekly, 15/2/56) from my experience politics is seldom mentioned in sermon except in matters of church interest and perhaps when proposed legislation is contrary to the principles of all right thinking people. As for the death rate on the road, is this not a matter which concerns all of us, churches included? After all, Christ Himself was interested in the bodily as well as the spiritual welfare of His people.

10/6 to Mrs. Rita Sternbeck, Yarramalong, via Wyon N.S.W.

**I** AGREE with P.A.C. that ministers of religion should preach on subjects such as politics, road tolls, and other contentious matters. However, this rarely occurs. But it must be remembered that there is nothing which cannot be considered from a religious point of view. It is time that we, as Christians, realised that Christianity should be the basis of our thinking and can therefore have no boundary.

10/6 to "Maph" (name supplied), Croydon, S.A.

### Family affairs

• Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

**WHENEVER** I sent my young son on a message he was continually prevented from ever reaching the shops by an older boy who bullied all the neighborhood children.

Though in ill-health, I was forced to go on minor messages myself because of my son's fear.

Exasperated beyond measure, one day I determined to settle this bully. I met him, gave him a friendly greeting, and told him how much I admired his strength, asking would he please keep his eye on and protect my lad when he went on his messages, as some nasty bully always hit and frightened him.

Appealed to, made to feel strong, yet protective, the boy promised he would do so. He kept his promise, too. I often watched after that with some amusement how, when my little lad would go his message, the one-time bully would circle round him protectively until he reached the steps and then help him carry the goods home.

£1/1/- to "Gingernut" (name supplied), Reservoir, Vic.

## Ross Campbell writes...

### KISS OR MISS

**I** FELT sorry for that young Sydney chap who got hauled into court for kissing a girl against her wish at a party.

He fell into an old trap in the kissing business.

A young fellow tries to kiss a girl, and she doesn't seem to like it.

She may yawn, or say: "No, Fred. I've just had a cup of tea."

His first impulse is to believe her, and go back to his chewing-gum.

Then he remembers reading in an interview with Prince Aly Khan, or someone, that when girls say "No" they don't mean it.

He thinks: "I might be missing the chance of a lifetime."

So he presses on regardless. The next thing he knows, a bottle of tomato sauce is broken over his head.

I made that mistake myself, and many others, when I was at the kissing stage.

Kissing is a serious problem for a young man.

It's not just the question of how, but of WHEN!

I can remember the trouble I had in kissing Mabel Hoggett.

She was a big, athletic girl, good at golf and dog-handling.

I used to be nervous and miss my opportunities to kiss her.



Then I would dive at her at the wrong time.

Once I seized her when she was making a billiards shot.

She pushed me away and said: "Are you nuts?"

I had another try while she was washing her fox terrier.

It bit me on the hand, and she said: "Good dog!"

A sophisticated friend of mine advised me to take her in a taxi.

"Girls expect to be kissed in taxis," he said.

But when I tried it, Mabel only said: "Don't start getting sloppy."

Like a romantic young fool, I persisted.

"Stop, driver!" she said.

With a ju-jitsu movement she threw me out of the cab.

At the time I could not understand why Mabel was so cool to me.

I had bought her chocs. I had eliminated my five o'clock shadow. I was fastidious about personal freshness.

But I see now what the trouble was.

She just didn't like me.

That is probably the most common reason why girls object to being kissed.

So a young man is usually well advised to take "No" for an answer.





## THIS IS AUSTRALIA

INTERNATIONAL ENTERPRISE at the Snowy Mountains, in N.S.W., is harnessing the forces of nature to benefit a nation. In a vast project scheduled for completion in about 25 years at a total cost of more than £400,000,000, the Snowy Mountains Hydro-Electric Authority employs thousands of workmen from 30 countries. They are diverting the waters of the Snowy River to the Murray River by a series of dams and tunnels to provide power for industry and water for irrigation. They are building the mighty Adaminaby Dam, which will have a capacity eight times that of Sydney Harbor. They are hewing a tunnel 14 miles through the Great Dividing Range to link the Eucumbene and Tumut Rivers. "The Man from Snowy River," made famous by Banjo Paterson, has a new significance today. Picture by Douglass Baglin.



No  
wonder

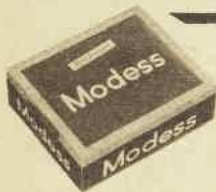


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## You can steal a march on dental decay

• Dentists will be meeting at the annual congress of the Australian Dental Association in Melbourne from March 5 to 9 to discuss the best methods of caring for the nation's teeth. One of the main troubles they have to combat is dental decay. Here is a timely warning on its causes.

**T**HE bacteria that inhabit the human mouth are an ungrateful lot. Most people, especially Australians, spend hours each day nourishing them with large quantities of sugary goodies. They, in return, dig great quarries in their host's teeth.

But that is the kind of creatures bacteria are. Human beings, who are after all a cut above bacteria, could at least make an effort to outsmart their miserable technique.

But the majority of humans are peculiarly reluctant to do so. They rush to a doctor when they get mumps or neuritis but are content to live with—and nurture—rampant mouth disease.

For that is what tooth decay is—a disease that erodes the teeth just as tuberculosis erodes the lungs. But because it is not an obvious threat to life and is not always particularly painful, most people do little about it except to check its ravages with an occasional costly visit to the dentist.

Australians consume more refined sugar than any other people on earth. Each year the average person manages to put away approximately 140 lb.—which is nearly 3lb. a week. (Compare this with 20 lb. a year per head in Italy.)

The rate of tooth decay in this country is such that in the latest (1954-55) survey of 7000 schoolchildren, conducted by the Institute of Dental Research in N.S.W., it was found that the average 14-year-old had lost two permanent teeth and had 14 more either decayed or filled.

No one ever need lose a tooth by decay. This much is certain. After more than 10 years of experiments involving hundreds of germ-free albino rats in the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, scientists have proof that the happy road to a reduced dental decay is open to all.

The experiments have proved that teeth contaminated by decay bacteria (as are almost all human teeth) will nearly always decay if sufficient easily-broken-down carbohydrate (such as sugar) is present.

These findings fit in very nicely with other American and Australian studies that show how so many human beings carelessly sacrifice their

own and their children's teeth by dietary indulgence when with a little effort they could retain all their own teeth through life.

There is no doubt now that the eating of sugary foods gives a sharp boost to the activity of decay bacteria.

Furthermore, if a person who eats a lot of sugars and has rampant decay reduces his sugar intake, cavities in his teeth occur less frequently and enlarge more slowly.

The obvious answer to dental decay is to cut sugar and starchy foods from the diet. This has been done successfully by a number of people.

But the average person who has a moderately sweet tooth and likes his (and her) few squares of chocolate, piece of cake, sandwich or dessert, is apt to feel that sticking to that kind of diet isn't worth it. Half the joy of life, he feels, would be gone.

This leaves the human race looking for a compromise. From their intensive research dental scientists have produced three simple rules:

• Do not make a habit of eating sweets and other high-carbohydrate foods between meals. There is not enough other, non-decay-producing food in the mouth to "dilute" the sugar, so the decay germs can go to work unhampered. But if you do have the occasional snack, rinse out your mouth vigorously a couple of times with plain water.

• If you do want to eat sweets, do not spread them over a couple of hours (for example, while you are reading or watching a film). The reason for this rule comes from the way the decay bacteria work.

The minute the bacteria get a handout of sugary food they start breaking it down to lactic acid. Under the acid attack the tooth enamel starts to dissolve. But the attack is limited to about half an hour, because the handout is used up in that time.

Suppose, however, just as the saliva is returning to its normal neutrality the bacteria get another handout (for example, another caramel). They immediately produce more acid. The attack starts again with renewed vigor.

This can go on, with the teeth under continuous acid



**SPLENDID TEETH** of Virginia Carpenter, of Balgowlah, N.S.W., won the prize in a schoolgirl competition.

attack, until the box of caramels is finished. So the obvious rule is—confine sweet-eating to meals where possible, and never eat sweets all the time between meals.

Foods can, of course, be graded on their ability to encourage decay. The general conclusion of research is that sugary things, like caramels, that tend to stick to the tooth surface—dentists call them "sticky sugar"—are the worst offenders.

Chocolate does not stick so much and contains a large proportion of fat, which has been shown to act as a kind of tooth-coating in the presence of acid attack.

Sweetened fruit and "fizzy" drinks are lower on the list, because the sugar moves through the mouth fairly quickly.

One of the safest steps to dental health is, of course, tooth cleaning. Because acid begins to form on the surface of the teeth within 10 minutes of eating, a good brushing as soon as possible after a meal is important. Failing this, vigorous rinsing is a good substitute, and you can swallow the water.

Except for personal hygiene, brushing the teeth when you get up in the morning does not mean a thing! The proper time is immediately AFTER a meal, or at least within 20 minutes.

Why do some people's teeth decay far more readily than those of others?

The answer lies firstly, in the way the decay mechanism operates within the individual mouth (a process depending on diet and the number and activity of the bacteria); and, secondly, in the actual resistance of the teeth to decay.

Having considered the decay mechanism, it is time to look at the teeth.

It is a scientific fact that some people's teeth are more decay-resistant than those of others. This is due chiefly to three factors:

- Heredity. Little can be done about this.
- Nutrition, before birth and during early childhood, which is the responsibility of parents.
- Diet, which is one's own responsibility throughout life.

Nutrition is important before birth and especially during early childhood. During pregnancy, the only scrap of permanent tooth formed in the foetus is a small part of the six-year molar. The other permanent teeth are barely started.

The first two and a half years of a child's life are critical from a dental point of view.

Because most young children are happy without a great deal of sugary foods, it is a good idea to keep them so. Also, tooth-cleaning can easily be introduced before the child reaches the age of two, but mother should do the actual cleaning until the child is aged six.

Nature gives the child a set of 20 baby teeth, which are later shed to make way for the permanent set of 32 teeth.

But every one of those baby teeth is important. Premature loss of these teeth is the cause of many of the poorly developed jaws and the crowded, crooked placement of permanent teeth seen by the dentist in three children out of every four.

The way to good teeth is also paved by sufficient calcium, phosphorus, and fluoride. The latter naturally-occurring mineral is included because it combines with the calcium to give a particularly hard enamel. But many districts are deficient in fluoride.

The dentist can give a valuable coating of fluoride (called a topical application) to children's teeth, but the results are better if the right amount of fluoride is added to the water supply. A number of schemes are now under way in Australia to bring the concentration to an ideal level.

Remember, it is never too late to do something about your teeth. Never give them up as hopeless.



# The Duke was always by her side



THE DUKE is caught by the camera adjusting his tie as he and the Queen leave Enugu Stadium after watching traditional dancing.

● These photographs of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh taken during their recent tour of Nigeria are among the most candid and informal ever published of the Royal couple. They give an intimate glimpse of the Queen and the Duke as they mingled freely with guests at a garden party and relaxed, in obviously light-hearted mood, at a display of traditional dancing.

Always, the Duke was by the Queen's side, lending support and enlivening presentations and official functions with his quick and easy humor.

The photographs were taken in Eastern Nigeria, where, for the first time, the Royal couple were "off the red carpet." In other regions of Nigeria the Queen and the Duke attended more formal receptions and banquets.

During the 19-day tour the Queen looked more relaxed and at ease than in any previous Royal tours.

After the humidity of Nigeria, the Queen was glad of the mink coat rushed to her aircraft when it touched down in London. Following a family reunion and rest at Windsor Castle, she was officially welcomed back to London at a luncheon and reception in the ancient Guildhall.

Photographs by George Varjas, Reflex.



QUEEN ELIZABETH smiles at a witty remark made by the Duke while talking to a Nigerian guest at a garden party.



THE QUEEN looks serious and the Duke amused at a comment made by a local official who was presented to them.



QUEEN ELIZABETH feels the humidity as the Royal couple sit in a special stand to watch displays of dancing at the Enugu Stadium in Eastern Nigeria.



WHAT WAS THAT? The Queen sits upright to see what was amusing the Duke at a display. The Queen's tour wardrobe was her most colorful to date.



DID YOU SEE THAT DANCER? the Queen seems to be asking. Partly obscured by the Queen is Michael Parker, the Duke of Edinburgh's equerry.



THE ROYAL COUPLE obviously enjoyed every minute of the colorful dancing they saw in Nigeria. They were relaxed and, as shown above, often amused.



Building glamorous interiors is *easy*.... all you need is

# One man + Masonite + ordinary Tools!



Whatever the style of house you have, there's not a doubt that Masonite Presdwoods can give you glamorous interiors for a modest cost. Sit down right now and think about that living room... isn't there a lot that Masonite could do?

Walls, ceilings, floors—Masonite has a place and a practical purpose everywhere. Find out from your building materials supplier how little those big, durable 12 ft. by 4 ft. sheets cost, then get that handyman husband to work! Show him how easy it is to work wonders with Masonite.

**Visit the Sydney Show . . .**  
Masonite's Exhibit shows how you can use these wonder boards in hundreds of ways. The Masonite Exhibit is No. 111 in the Manufacturers' Hall.

## Wetting Masonite is most important

Use a stiff, hard broom to wet your sheets of Masonite thoroughly on the screen side. Then stack them, wet sides together, for at least 48 hours before using them. This stabilizes the moisture content of the sheets and ensures that their surfaces will remain smooth and flat after they have been applied.

## Sawing Masonite

An ordinary panel saw, the kind you have at your place, saws into Masonite easily and speedily.

There's no hard work attached at all. What's more, the interlocking fibres of the Masonite boards ensure that the sheets won't split, splinter or crack.



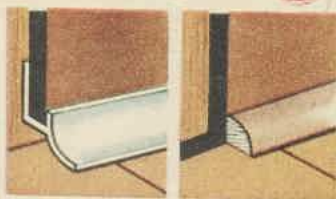
## For a Perfect Finish

Paint Masonite with any type of paint you like—oil, water, lacquer or synthetic enamel. Masonite's smooth surface needs no sanding and gives a perfect paint finish. Masonite can also be stained effectively, or polished in its natural brown colour.



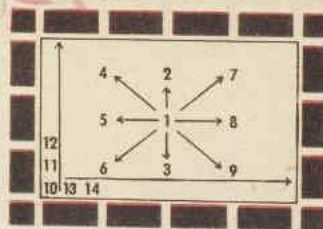
## Joining Masonite

Masonite sheets can be V-jointed by chamfering the edges with an ordinary carpenter's plane. Do not butt sheets tightly together but leave a uniform space between sheets as shown in the illustration. If you like, you can use decorative aluminium or plastic mouldings which are available from Masonite suppliers. They form highly attractive joints.



## Skirtings

The neat and simple aluminium skirting moulding illustrated on the left can be used most effectively with Masonite-covered walls. It is sold by most Masonite retailers. Naturally, the normal timber skirting board can be used, as can shaped timber mouldings.



## Nailing Masonite

To get a perfectly smooth, even surface, make sure that the studs backing up the sheets are no more than 16 ins. apart. Then nail the sheets in the sequence shown above. Nails towards the centre of the sheet should be 12 to 14 ins. apart and those around the edges, at 4 to 6 in. intervals.



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STATE SALES OFFICES: 349 Pitt Street, Sydney  
150 Mary Street, Brisbane; 31 Chesser Street, Adelaide

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—March 7, 1956



# Three sisters in triple wedding

Three identical wedding dresses were made and wedding gifts arrived in triplicate for the three McKenzie sisters, who were married at a triple ceremony at Northam, W.A.

THE three brides were Doreen, aged 26, Valma, aged 22, and Elaine, who had her twenty-first birthday last month.

Doreen married Clive Stickland, a farmer, of Kalgudder near Wongan Hills; Valma married Desmond Coventry, moving postmaster at Wongan Hills, and Elaine's bridegroom was Ronald Rogers, a hotel clerk.

"It was the girls' own decision to be married together," said their mother, Mrs. K. E. McKenzie, a widow, of Wongan Hills, as she put the finishing touches to the three wedding veils her daughters were to wear later that day.

Nearly three hundred guests filled St. John's Church of England at Northam for the ceremony, but twice that number stood outside in the hot afternoon sun to see the wed-

ding—probably the first in Western Australia at which three sisters were married at the same time.

Most of the guests received three wedding invitations.

The three brides were in frocks of white tulle and net, and each wore their bridegroom's gift—a necklace of pearls and diamante with matching earrings. Each bride had one bridesmaid, and each bridegroom a best man.

The other members of the bridal party of 15 were the three uncles who gave the brides away.

At the wedding reception at Northam Town Hall the brides cut three wedding cakes simultaneously.

All three brides are well known in the Wongan Hills district. As each girl left school she took a job at the local telephone exchange as a "Hello Girl." Their elder sister, Jess (now Mrs. Terry McCullagh,

of Ballidu, W.A.), also worked there as a telephonist.

When leaving for their honeymoons, the three brides learnt the destination for the first time from their husbands—they were all going to stay at the same hotel in Adelaide.



ABOVE: The three newly wed couples cut their wedding cakes. From left are Clive and Doreen Stickland, Desmond and Valma Coventry, and Ronald and Elaine Rogers, who is 21.

LEFT: For "something blue" each sister wore a blue satin anklet. Here Doreen puts on Valma's anklet while Elaine (right) holds Valma's full skirt of white tulle.

RIGHT: Mrs. K. E. McKenzie, the brides' mother, sorts out the wedding presents, many of which were in triplicate. Mrs. McKenzie also made the three wedding cakes.

BELOW: Setting off for their honeymoon in Adelaide are, from left, Desmond and Valma, Clive and Doreen, and Ronald and Elaine. They all stayed at the same hotel.



RECEPTION was held at the Northam Town Hall after the triple-wedding ceremony. Men guests were allowed to take off their coats because the weather was extremely hot. Nearly three hundred people were entertained at the party.





**Colinate** your hair  
and make it silkier, softer  
and so easy to manage . . .



Colinated Coconut Oil Foam Shampoo cleanses delightfully, rinses out easily and leaves the hair brilliant, silken-soft and shining . . . carrying off every bit of excess oiliness, dust, dirt and dandruff. Avoid shampoos containing harsh detergents which dry the scalp and make the hair brittle. Colinated Foam Shampoo contains no detergents whatever. Price: 3/6



**COLINATED**  
Coconut oil Foam  
**SHAMPOO**

#### KEEP HAIR IN PLACE ALL DAY

Velmol keeps the most unruly hair in place all day without looking stiff or greasy. Your perms and home-sets will last longer when you "damp-set" with Velmol. Velmol is a tonic as well as a hairdressing—prevents dandruff, too. Give your hair that well-groomed look with Velmol. Price: 2/6 a bottle at any chemist or store.

**VELMOL**

THE WORLD'S BEST HAIRDRESSING



Classic perfection!

In the Skirt which won equal  
First Award in the Australian  
Wool Bureau 1956 Contest!

In plain, exclusive  
shadow and tropical  
check Worsted by  
FEDERAL

From £8/12/6 to £10/19/6

by **Sportcraft** OF MELBOURNE

AWARD WINNERS IN THE AUSTRALIAN WOOL BUREAU 1956 CONTEST!

#### FOR TEENAGERS

## Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

Lack of self-confidence often makes teenagers unnecessarily miserable. Sometimes a limited circle of friends causes misgivings that are unwarranted and, later on, laughable.

A GIRL who wrote to me this week is suffering badly from lack of confidence.

Her main trouble seems to be too few friends and a family who unthinkingly indulge in too much criticism. Here is her letter:

"I AM 19, and I am working for my parents. A year ago I was going away to learn a particular trade, but I was told I was too old, so I stayed on helping my parents. Now I see what a mistake it was as I am not very happy at home. I have a good family. I think the main reason is that about four months ago I stopped going with a boy I had gone with for quite a while. I haven't been going with anyone since. Recently I was getting on quite well with a particular boy, but then he seemed to cool off, and I wasn't rushing my fences. My mother keeps telling me I am not a very nice type of person, but when I go to dances I am quite popular and I know quite a few nice boys. The trouble is I am not a very good mixer, or a very good conversationalist, and get quite tongue-tied at times. When I arrive home from dances I always vow that I won't go to any more because I always feel the odd man out. But my parents say if I don't go out at all I will be unbearable."

"Hopeful," Vic.

I think your main trouble is that you spend too much time with your family. First step for you is to find yourself a job that takes you away from home during working hours. Working with the family as well as living with them means that your circle of friends and possible friends is far too limited. It is at work that you meet new people and make new friends. Then again a family atmosphere is often not the one in which a girl shines. Families—loving and kind as they are—get very used to one another. They rarely treat their members as grown-ups with interesting personalities who are worth talking to; rather they some-



### A word from Debbie . . .

- Sheltered shoulders are a "must" for parties this year, even with your black tapered slacks. The shelterers, generally taffeta, frame a pretty neck, give you a portrait look.
- To make a really delicious icing for coffee, marble, or plain cake, increase the quantity of butter slightly and heat gently until browned before adding it to the icing sugar and milk. The flavor is super.
- Salted almonds are a change from salted peanuts as party fare. To make them, shell and peel almonds and fry golden brown in a small quantity of butter. Drain, then drop into a brown paper bag in which there is a little salt, and shake them round. A little cayenne added to the salt turns them into devilled almonds.
- Moonscope beanies are pretty and easy to make. Knit or crochet an angora beanie. Sew iridescent sequins deep down in the angora and your spaceship headgear is made.
- To avoid creasing when ironing your blouses, start with the sleeves. Next the collar, next the yoke, then the body part. This method is the easiest and most effective.

times seem to think of them as children who need to have their faults pointed out. A bit of fault-finding is good, but it does need to be overlaid with praise, particularly the unconscious praise that is given to you when someone, girl or boy, makes it quite obvious that you are wanted as a friend. I think it is this lack of praise that makes you self-conscious, and, as you say, "not a good mixer." As for being tongue-tied, everyone gets that way at times. But here's a tip that might help. When you feel a tongue-tied spell coming on, ask whoever you are with about themselves. People love talking about themselves. Ask a few questions about them and their interests and you'll find that you have to wait to get a word in.

And that's another point worth remembering. There is nothing more appreciated than an enthusiastic listener. I quite agree with your parents that you should go out to dances. I'm sure, too, that if you find yourself a job

away from your home and family, you'll have a much nicer time, gain confidence, make new boy-friends, and discover that when you don't see so much of them, members of your family are much nicer than you thought they were.

#### Penfriends

THE following teenagers have all asked for penfriends.

Betty Schofield (18), 30 Anzac St., Maitland, N.S.W., wants a boy penfriend, 19-22, interested in jazz, swimming, and dancing.

Joan Ramsey, Clydesdale, Vic., wants a boy penfriend from any State but Victoria. She is interested in dancing, cricket, tennis, and football. She is 15.

Yvonne Taylor, of Base Hospital, Charleville, Qld., would like to write to a girl about 18.

Miss Janette Glover, 2 Narwee Ave., Beverly Hills, N.S.W., wants an American penfriend.

#### DISC DIGEST

RECORD collectors are fortunate in that the art allows them to hear compositions either played or conducted by the composer himself. This holds good in both the classical and popular fields, and anyone interested in modern jazz compositions will enjoy "Django Reinhardt," on ODLP.1045. Reinhardt is the gipsy guitarist whose sudden death at the age of 43 shocked the entire jazz world.

He was born in a caravan somewhere in Belgium, but he adopted Paris as his native city. At 18 he was an extraordinary guitarist, but he was badly injured in a fire which

crippled two fingers of his fretting hand. Thereafter, he improvised his own method of fingering, and was soon playing better than ever.

This new 10-inch micro-groove is a tribute to his art, and many who were first thrilled with his records in the immediate pre-war period will want to have this disc as a souvenir. The sounds which sounded so wild then appear to be curiously restrained today—so much the better—but newcomers will delight in his powerful swinging phrases and fiery rhythms.

Tunes you will know are "Sweet Sue," "Limehouse

Blues," and the traditional "Black Eyes." The balance is made up of Django's own compositions: "Daphne," "Mabel," "Djangology," "Swing 41," "Swing 42," "Nuages," and "Place de Broekere." All of these will be familiar to those who have followed the work of the Quintet of the Hot Club of France. Reinhardt has recorded with groups of various sizes on this record, from a sextet up to a large orchestra, so there is plenty of variety, but dominated throughout by his magical guitar.

—BERNARD FLETCHER.



**More  
and more  
women**

now keep silver  
gleaming with  
quick-polishing  
Silvo which costs  
less and is  
safest for all silver



The SECRET of  
a matchless, miracle  
complexion



**Mercolized  
Wax Cream**  
THE IMPROVEMENT  
ON FACE CREAM

Massage each night with Mercolized Wax instead of ordinary face cream. By morning, the miracle has begun—the miracle of a lump, livable complexion. Use as a make-up base too.

Stay as sweet as you are with

**Staisweet**  
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The Deodorant you can trust

**Staisweet**

soothes itching  
**HAEMORRHOIDS**  
quickly!

Are you suffering the torture of haemorrhoids? Then here's new hope for you! DOAN'S OINTMENT will quiet the itching QUICKLY—soothe and lubricate the tender tissues with cate the tender tissues with special antiseptic ingredients and bring you welcome relief. DOAN'S OINTMENT has been used successfully for over 50 years—and it's still so gentle, don't put up with distressing haemorrhoids any longer. Ask for DOAN'S OINTMENT at any chemist or store today.



# She's a Paris creation

A 17-year-old American girl, Dani Boyriven, of Los Angeles, was star mannequin for the Carven Junior collection recently shown in Paris.

DANI, whose father was French, was born in Paris, but has lived in America ever since she can remember.

After graduating from high school at Los Angeles, her mother brought her to France to learn French and to study drama. Dani wants to be an actress.

One of the first people she met was her godmother—Carven, one of the best-known Paris fashion designers.

In a few weeks Carven had transformed her from a typical American student, clad casually in pedal-pushers and jerseys, into a "jeune fille," elegantly and rather primly dressed.

For several seasons French designers have been trying, and with increasing success, to wean teenagers from the casual and often eccentric clothes worn as much in Paris as on the American college campus.

They have designed suits and dresses which are feminine, flattering, and extremely youthful to take the place of the boyish slacks, knee breeches, Sloppy Joes, duffle coats, and windbreakers which since World War II

have been almost a uniform for teenagers.

For Carven, the arrival of Dani was an excellent opportunity to continue the good work. She designed for her a series of suits, dresses, and coats for every occasion.

Dani, of course, was enchanted with them, and immediately adopted a new deportment.

She no longer stands with her legs straddled; she no longer sprawls on the floor, or sits with her legs over the arm of a chair. She has abandoned sneakers and pants, except for sports wear, and has learned to walk demurely.

She wears gloves, hat, and she has learned to arrange her petticoated skirts quickly and gracefully round her when she sits down.

Dani is delighted with her own transformation.

"Oh my, I'm lucky," she says, her eyes sparkling with delight. "Just imagine having Carven for a godmother. My friends in America would give their eyes to have just one of these outfits."

So Carven decided to make Dani's wardrobe into a collection of low-priced clothes.

Dani was asked to model it, and in a few days became a Paris mannequin and one of the most photographed girls in the French capital.

## BEFORE

DANI, young American high-school graduate, has given up wearing casual clothes, such as this sloppy sweater and pedal-pushers, since she arrived in Paris.



## AFTER

Carven, French couturier and Dani's godmother, made these clothes specially for her.



TRANSFORMED Dani now prefers chic, feminine dresses to the casual clothes she formerly wore. Far left, she models a white lace party-frock; centre, a white suit with black pin-stripes; and, above, a white wool coat over the suit with matching beret.

# DUX

Germicidal

## DISINFECTANT

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## PINE or EUCALYPTUS



**DUX Disinfectants are hard-hitting, potent, full-strength Antiseptics**

Whatever your needs... whatever the temperature (freezing or boiling) the powerful Germicidals in Laboratory Tested DUX Disinfectants get to work immediately... keeping drains, receptacles, etc., clinically clean; free from germs and bacteria.

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EUCALYPTUS... antiseptic germicide and disinfectant.

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**GUARANTEE**  
The BEST is no dearer than the rest.



**They're top of their class!**

## BROCK'S INDUSTRIES

BROCK LANE, NEWTOWN, N.S.W.

LA 2985 Telegraph & Cables: Shampol, Sydney



**MAKE THIS LUSCIOUS LAYER CAKE IN ONLY 4 MINUTES**

With fresh eggs, milk and a packet of Puffin Cake Mix, you can turn out a cake to beat the band. There's all the fun of cooking without the work — no tedious creaming. A single packet of Puffin makes a large layer cake, two one-egg cakes or 36 party-size patty cakes.

Also try these wonderful Puffin recipe variations by following the basic cake method on packet and adding one ingredient.

**Orange Cake** — add grated rind of one large orange.

**Chocolate Cake** — add four level tablespoons cocoa and one extra tablespoon of milk.



Betty King, Home Economist for World Brands says:

"I guarantee you'll make lighter, moister, more delicious cakes with Puffin."

PF 22, WY62z

Page 17



## SUNLIGHT MADE THIS SUMMER PICTURE



Watch out for those extra dirty spots... perspiration stains... grubby collars... and all the grime that collects on clothes in Summer. A gentle rub with Sunlight before your clothes go into the copper or washing machine makes sure of a wash that's clean all over — Sunlight clean! Sunlight is good, golden soap, known for years for its dirt removing activity.



FOR EXTRA DIRTY SPOTS  
YOU NEED **SUNLIGHT** WITH ITS  
EXTRA WASHING POWER

### HOOVER Steam IRONS and TOWELS to be Won



**SHADY PROBLEM**  
MY BEACH UMBRELLA WAS BADLY STAINED BY SALT WATER AND SUNBURN OIL. A SOFT RUB WITH SUNLIGHT'S PENETRATING LATHER REMOVED THE STAINS LIKE MAGIC.

Mrs. D. H. Niven,  
88 Union's Bridge Rd., St. Peters.



**SLIPPER TROUBLE**  
WITH CONSTANT USE MY RED FELT SLIPPERS BECAME VERY DIRTY. AFTER WASHING WITH CREAMY SUNLIGHT THEY WERE AS PRETTY AS NEW.

Mrs. Hilder,  
33 Peel Street,  
Baltimore.

For details of the SUNLIGHT "CLEAN STORIES"  
Contest listen to "Partia Faces Life," 2UW—4BK  
and country stations

SUNLIGHT IS ALL PURE — YOUR HANDS AS  
WELL AS YOUR CLOTHES WILL TELL YOU SO



## "Baby Talk" No. 18

ONE hundred pounds in prize-money awaits the readers who send in the brightest and most appropriate captions for this picture—the eighteenth in our series of "Baby Talk" studies.

Each week we offer a first prize of £50, three awards of £10, three of £5, and five of £1.

The £50 first prize in "Baby Talk" Contest No. 15 was won by Mrs. Joanne Skuthorp, Box 58, Wagin, W.A.

Her winning entry was "I'll learn 'em to learn me music."

£10 prizes were awarded to:

Mrs. M. McClure, 5 Shackel Ave., Clovelly, N.S.W.

"We don't like the people upstairs."

Mrs. A. L. Harvey, 53 Allambie St., Camp Hill, Brisbane.

"Darling, I'm playing 'our song'."

Mrs. E. Whitehead, 3 Grandview Rd., South Box Hill, Melbourne.

"Lo, hear the gentle lark."

£5 prizes were awarded to:

Mrs. I. Gwynn, Happy Valley P.O., via Ballarat, Vic.

"Mum always gets me to sing and play when the guests won't go home."

Miss B. Jenner, 47 Brisbane Rd., Castle Hill, N.S.W.



No. 18

"Of course I studied seriously before my marriage."

Mrs. M. Vout, 45 Acacia Ave., Ryde, N.S.W.

"No trouble at all since we moved to the lighthouse!"

£1 prizes were awarded to:

Miss P. Cox, Box 279, Devonport, Tas.

"That's funny, I seem to have lost my voice."

Miss M. Ramsay, Eveleigh St., Woolloowin, Brisbane.

"I'm available for parties, weddings, socials, etc., etc."

Mrs. R. Avent, 5 Davy St., Melville, W.A.

"This piano is out of tune. Where's the manager?"

Mrs. J. Chester, 8 Stone St., Launceston, Tas.

"Can you hear me, mother?"  
Mrs. W. Moffat, 36 Victoria St., Daylesford, Vic.

"This town's too QUIET!"

Children's popular hero Davy Crockett, "King of the Wild Frontier," was also the adults' favorite in "Baby Talk" Contest No. 15. Nearly 50 per cent. of the thousands of entries received quoted the Crockett theme-song.

A great number of entrants used titles or lines from songs ranging from operas to hit-parade favorites.

Such artists as Winifred Atwell, Nat "King" Cole, Anna Russell, and Johnnie Ray were also much in evidence, as was the "man who found the lost chord."

Since there were so many similar entries the judges accepted the first of each kind received.



"I'll learn 'em to learn me music."

### CONTEST RULES

1. Write a caption of not more than 15 words for the picture above. You may send as many entries as you like.
2. Each group of entries from the one competitor must be accompanied by the entry coupon.
3. Write clearly, addressing entries to "Baby Talk," Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.
4. Entries for "Baby Talk" Contest No. 18 close on MARCH 12. Winners will be announced in our issue dated MARCH 28.
5. The decision of the judges will be final. No entries can be returned or any correspondence entered into.
6. When entries are duplicated, the first one opened will be put aside for further judging.
7. Employees of Consolidated Press Ltd. and associate companies and their families are not eligible to enter this contest.

#### ENTRY COUPON

The Australian  
Women's Weekly  
"Baby Talk" Contest  
No. 18  
March 7, 1956

## New contest awards

Entries keep pouring in from all points of the compass for our dual (or duel) contest.

### JUST LIKE A WOMAN

"I TRAVELLED to Bombay with a great friend who was to be married there. During the voyage she was in a state of ecstatic anticipation, but when the ship arrived she was in a flood of tears because we were not allowed to disembark, nor could anyone come aboard, till 8.30 next morning.

"Still weeping, she retired, covered with curling-pins and smeared with cold cream.

"At 6 a.m. came a thunderous knocking at our cabin door—fiance, bearing a large bouquet, triumphant because he had wangled himself aboard in the pilot's launch.

"Did she fall into his arms? No. She was so furious at being caught hair-netted and shiny-faced that it was hours before she would even look at him, let alone speak to him!"

£2/2- to Mrs. R. M. Luson, Sargood St., Hampton S7, Vic.

### JUST LIKE A MAN

"I WAS returning home one night with my husband, getting all starry-eyed after seeing a wonderfully romantic film. At the crosswalk he took my arm to assist me across the street.

"'Gee, your arm's soft, honey,' he whispered into my ear.

"'Is it, dear?' I said.

"'Yes,' came the unexpected reply. 'It feels just like a pumpkin that's gone rotten. You'll have to take up tennis again to get some tone back into your muscles.'"

£2/2- to Mrs. M. J. Carroll, c/o Rural Bank, Margaret River, W.A.

\*\*\*\*\*  
● Mark your entries "Just Like a Man" or "Just Like a Woman," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—March 7, 1956

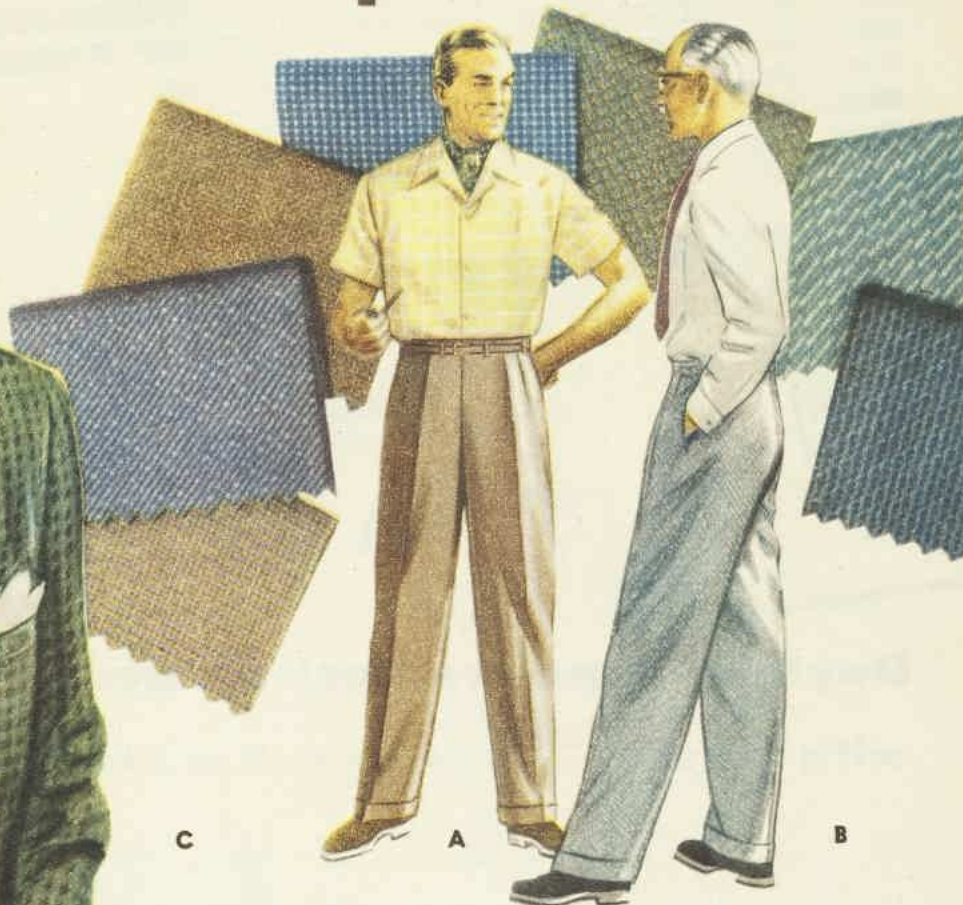


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**A MARCO ELASTA-BELT SPORTS TROUSERS.** Brilliant belt styling. Self-supporting comfort. Individually tailored belt guaranteed never to ride up between the loops, plus every luxury-tailoring feature. Plant tested and approved by the Federal Council of Dry Cleaners of Australia. Famous Blue Ribbon quality, £7/19/6; summerweight, £6/19/6.

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## Daytime naps are best shaded with Kirsch— *The only Venetian with the S-shaped slat*

Baby sleeps best in a deeply shaded room. So do you for that matter. That's one reason you need Kirsch. Of course when you want lots of sunlight in your living rooms Kirsch lets it come flooding in, too. The amiable knack of suiting your mood all depends on the famous Kirsch S-shaped slat. Its double curves exclude glare or let in light better than any other shape—it just depends on the tilt of the slat.

Try this for yourself at your nearest Kirsch retailer. But besides the famous S-shaped slats—and if a blind hasn't got them it isn't Kirsch—look at all the extra quality points you get with Kirsch.

**Kirsch is all-metal.** No warping or twisting is possible. And in an all-metal blind the color is uniform on

every section—no difference in color between head-member, slats and bottom rail.

**Kirsch is easy to put up . . .** simply screw up the brackets and slip the blind in place. To take the blind down—just unclip and lift it down from the brackets. This ease of fitting is especially handy if you are living in the country.

**Kirsch mechanism is smooth and efficient.** Blinds are easily raised and lowered and can be locked in place by a sideways movement of the cord. They unlock just as easily, too, no hauling or jerking. Slat tilt smoothly and noiselessly to any desired angle—from deep, cool shade to clear see-through vision when the slats are level.

**Enclosed head-member and bottom rail**

give a neat finish to the blind. Under metal clips holding tapes in place is a reserve of tape for slight adjustments to the depth of blind. Kirsch *always* fits your window length exactly.

**Stayput clips** anchor Kirsch blinds neatly to the bottom of the window. Kirsch venetians never flap or crash in the breeze. The plastic cap on the end of the bottom rail slips easily into the side clips—makes a neat finish.

Choose your Kirsch venetians from a range of pastel colours, ivory or white with matching or contrasting tapes. But choose carefully—Kirsch venetians are likely to outlast almost any element in your decorative scheme—they're the *very best*, you know. See Kirsch at leading stores.

**Kirsch** ALL-METAL VENETIANS  
are another product of Wormold Brothers Industries



## Girl with a trumpet



## She wants to own a Sydney nightclub

The pocket-sized blonde looked steadily at me with her big, soft blue eyes and said, "My ambition is to have my own nightclub in Sydney. That will cost a lot of money. So I've decided to forget about men for a while and work hard to win fame—and money."

**D**RINKING coffee in a bohemian-type restaurant in London was petite Robey Buckley, 21, formerly of Strathfield, N.S.W., hailed by music critics throughout Europe as "one of the world's best women trumpeters."

"I think they are a bit too lavish in their praise," Miss Buckley said. "I think that I've only now just got to the ground floor as a trumpeter."

But modesty is one of the many attractive virtues of this young Australian.

In nine years she has come all the way from being a shy schoolgirl in Melbourne to an international star.

It all started when her uncle, a well-known Melbourne bandmaster, noticed that she had the right-shaped lips for a trumpeter.

"My parents, who were both in show business, thought this was a wonderful discovery," Robey said. "But I scowled because I realised it would mean hours of practising after school."

Schoolbooks and music-scores soon started clashing, so her parents decided their daughter should give up her studies ("and I was glad, too," says Robey) for the orchestra.

In 1950 the Buckley family shifted from Melbourne to Sydney, so Robey would be closer to the centre of Australia's entertainment business.

Solo spots quickly followed, and by the time she was 17—a year after leaving Melbourne—Robey was permanently employed in Sydney, Melbourne, and Brisbane nightclubs, and the variety theatre circuits.

Then, three years ago, she got the bug to move to greener

pastures. So, with her family, she set sail from Sydney for London and the big-time show business.

Ivy Benson, who leads one of the world's most famous all-female bands, listened to one of Robey's recordings and immediately offered her a star-billing solo part in her band without an audition.

Robey clicked with her audiences. Critics and the general public alike marvelled at her flawless technique in playing such melodies as "Oh! Mein Pappa," "Oh! Man River," "Stardust," "Blues Medley," "Toy Trumpet," and the difficult "Sabre Dance."

Within a few months Robey was being billed as the "red-hot trumpeter from Australia."

## From HARRY KEEN, in London

"Australia's queen of the trumpet," "The girl with the golden trumpet," and even "The girl who is as easy on the ears as her curves are on the eyes."

"I've had to work hard—often playing 5-6 hours a day and practising the same," she said. "If I didn't play at least four hours a day, I would lose the feel in my lips."

"I don't even use lipstick," she said, and went on to explain: "The grease seems to get into the pores of my skin and stops my lips from being as mobile as they should."

"In four years I hope to be good enough to tackle the Folies Bergere revue in Paris, the Palladium in London, and then maybe America."

"There's no business as tough as show business for a young girl to get to the top. It's easy to be one of a crowd on the stage, but it takes a lot of hard work to get your name up in bright lights."

"I'm the type that likes plenty of hard work."



# Sold up home to hunt birds



**WASHDAY IN THE BUSH**, where the laundry is situated under an old red-gum tree. Canvas buckets are convenient for carrying water from lake or swamp. Sometimes the water is so thick and muddy that it has to be sieved.



**INFLATABLE DINGHY** made of rubber is used by Mr. Warham to go into a swamp where ibises are nesting.



**GOING ASHORE** on Eclipse Island, off the Western Australian coast. Mrs. Pat Warham is lowered in a basket.

## English couple's "itchy feet" take them camping in the outback

I was not greatly surprised when one day at our home in England my husband, John, suggested we "sell up here, buy a truck, and do a bird-hunting trip around Australia while we are still young."

MY husband, whom I first met during the war, had long been an enthusiastic amateur naturalist. From the start of our marriage I realised that his hobby absorbed him and I would have to put up with it for the remainder of my life.

When he suggested a bird-hunting trip to Australia I liked the idea. I had itchy feet myself.

We discussed the idea for some time. It became a reality when, after giving up our Derbyshire home and comfortable job, swapping the car for a truck, storing some furniture with friends, and disposing of the remainder of our possessions, we disembarked one wet October morning at Fremantle, Western Australia.

### Well-equipped

OUR plan was to make our small expedition completely self-contained. There was a large tent with fly sheet and home-made mosquito curtains for each end, a small electric generator for charging the batteries used for high-speed photography and for lighting, camp-beds, and the customary impedimenta needed for a long trip of this kind.

Our ex-R.A.F. blitz-wagon, fitted with a body of the van type, arrived in a cargo vessel.

Our intention was to travel through the country, free to set up camp whenever we found something worth while, and financing our tour by writing and by the sale of our wild-life photographs.

For years my husband had contributed articles on his pet subjects to various European and American papers and had

written a few books, and we reckoned on extending this activity as our stock of Australian material expanded.

We have found that, living as we do unencumbered by rents and rates, we can break even financially. Considering the limited time we allow for writing and marketing our work, much of which will be written up on our eventual return to England, we feel that this is a satisfactory achievement.

With only a tent, a van, and a camp site to keep clean, household chores are few, but those that are necessary must be done the hard way.

Washing, for example, may mean carrying water, often of a very dubious color, from a swamp or clay-pan and pos-

sibly sieving the debris out before use.

Cooking, too—that is, the preparation of anything more ambitious than the inevitable grill—was difficult at first, but I have picked up a few tricks and am now able to provide a reasonably varied menu.

The day starts with a substantial English breakfast of bacon and eggs, but the mid-day meal is usually sandwiches or a scratch affair which may be eaten any time from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m.

### Ambitious menu

I AM more ambitious with the evening meal. This may be a pot roast of blade-bone steak or perhaps a steamed steak-and-kidney pudding. Fresh meat is used whenever



**THE "HIDE,"** or rough shelter, built in the tree allows the bird-watcher to observe and take photographs of the birds without their being aware of the presence of a human.

By  
**PAT WARHAM**

possible; it is stored in a drip-cooler, which we find quite efficient.

Once we are settled in, with the tent pitched beneath any available shade and the truck parked nearby, life can be quite comfortable, especially with a water supply of some kind.

Much of my husband's study of animals and birds is done from "hides" set up near their feeding places or their nests.

One of my duties is to help to carry the photographic gear, to see him safely into these hides, and to return at a prearranged time to let him out—it is impossible for him to emerge on his own without frightening the subject.

We have not always remained on the mainland, but have made several sea trips. Two of these were to lonely Eclipse Island, off the southwest corner of Western Australia.

A small ration launch visits the island every fortnight, weather permitting. We invariably had rough crossings because both our trips were made in winter, when westerly gales blew.

Eclipse is a very rugged island; there is no beach and very little shelter. You have to go ashore in a collapsible canvas-sided basket, which is lowered down to a dinghy bobbing about on the waves a few feet from the rocks.

You are hoisted up for 80 feet, hanging between sea and sky as helpless as a sack of flour, before being dropped with a bump on to a platform straddling the rocks. Here you are cheered by the smiles and salutations of the three light-housekeepers and their families.

Return journeys are even less pleasant; there's that horrible sinking feeling as the basket is dropped down within a few feet of the waves to wait until the boatman can edge his dinghy below the basket to slip it off the hook.

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at about **HALF**  
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**THIS LITTLE BOTTLE**  
makes 50 delicious  
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**COMBINATIONS**  
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(City and Suburbs)



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# GR-R-REAT NEWS!

Now — a cereal that needs no sugar!

## *Kellogg's* SUGAR FROSTED FLAKES

You NEVER tasted anything like them! Big, crisp, golden flakes of corn, shimmering all over with a secret sugar coating! Kellogg's Sugar Frosted Flakes are pre-sweetened—you don't have to add sugar—and they taste so good that most folk just can't stop eating them—right out of the packet, as well as for breakfast. Which, in tiger talk, is a gr-r-reat idea, because they're choc-a-block with vitamins and real food-energy.

"Bless my stripes!" growls Tony the Tiger. "What are you waiting for? Why don't you stalk off to the store for some now? Be seeing you—on the packet!"

Eat 'em out of the bowl — or straight from the packet



1. So crunchy and sweet  
They make breakfast a treat.



2. Take a handful to munch  
between breakfast and lunch.



3. Want an after-school snack?  
Eat 'em straight from the pack!



4. Early or late  
You'll agree — they're just gr-r-reat!

**TONY THE TIGER** says:

"Your family will roar  
Till you give them some more."



They're Gr-r-reat for breakfast... Gr-r-reat for snacks!



# DIPLOMAT'S TOKIO GARDEN

## Australian couple made it a showplace

By Australian author COLIN SIMPSON

When Dr. Ronald Walker and his Belgian-born wife, Louise, left Tokio recently more than 300 people went to the airport to see them off.

DR. WALKER, who had been Australian Ambassador in Tokio since 1952, is now permanent Australian delegate to the United Nations in New York.

As the plane sped down the runway at Tokio airport the Walkers could see Oshimura, the Embassy's diminutive head gardener, waving to them with an Australian flag almost as big as himself.

Among Japanese callers who came to the Embassy to bid them goodbye was an antique dealer from whose small shop the Walkers had bought a few things and whose child Dr. Walker had photographed. The dealer made a 90-mile trip to Tokio to see them before they left.

One of the things that touched Mrs. Walker was that their carpenter, despite a severe accident, went to the airport, a bandage round his head, to see them off.

Another was the letter that Oshimura had had written in English to Dr. Walker:

Dear Sir,  
We are sad to see you go and that you cannot stay for the blossoming of the cherry trees you planted.

Please to be assured that we will always take good care of the garden here, so if you come back you will not be ashamed.

The new Ambassador and his wife, Sir Alan and Lady Watt, will find a memorial to the Walkers in the Embassy gardens.

The gardeners, from their small wages, bought a stone and had the name Walker (the Japanese characters for "man going") cut into it. They have set the stone in a corner of the garden where Dr. and Mrs. Walker used to sit.

The Embassy is twenty minutes by taxi from the heart of Tokio. From a narrow street you enter the extensive grounds of a house that was built by a Japanese nobleman educated at Cambridge.

It is English in design except for a large Japanese room upstairs where the Walkers' 16-year-old daughter Denise slept.

Denise went to school in Tokio, but her brother Ronald, 18, passed his N.S.W. Leaving Certificate by correspondence.

The Embassy does not match in size and splendour those of America, Britain, and

Canada, but it is tastefully furnished, and has a much more interesting Japanese garden than the other embassies.

There are practically no flowers in this garden. A previous ambassador had a flower-bed planted at the edge of the lawn, but it was too incongruous and has now been removed.

Japanese gardeners are "magicians" at transplanting trees.

One day Dr. Walker remarked in the head gardener's hearing that it was a pity there was not a shady tree at a corner of the house. Three days later the Ambassador looked at the spot again and there stood a big, full-grown tree. The tree has never shown any ill-effects from its sudden transfer.

Mrs. Walker found that she had little time to enjoy the peace of the garden.

Mrs. Walker told me, "Every morning I began by seeing the houseboy and cook, working out my day's engagements, arranging menus, explaining recipes, checking the household accounts, advancing money for the next day's shopping, dealing with correspondence and invitations, and making necessary phone calls."

"Then there were other household matters to be supervised, flowers to be bought and arranged, and often there were callers during the morning and Australian and other visitors to lunch."

Afternoon and evening engagements often included receptions, dinners, exhibition-openings, or other official functions to which the Ambassador's wife had to accompany His Excellency — if she were not herself hostess at the Embassy.

She also had many commitments of her own, such as the meetings of the Women's Club of the Japan-Australian Society, of which Mrs. Walker was president.

Fluent in several languages, skilled in the graces of Continental living, and with a vitality as pronounced and expressive as the French accent to her English, Louise Walker was a particularly popular personality in diplomatic circles.

Japanese flower-arrangement interested Mrs. Walker, and she also found time for lessons in flower-painting.

The Japanese artist is ex-



LOUISE WALKER, wife of the former Australian Ambassador in Tokio, Dr. E. Ronald Walker, does a Japanese flower arrangement against a painted screen in the Embassy drawing-room in Tokio.



HEAD GARDENER Oshimura at the Australian Embassy trims a miniature potted pine tree while Mrs. Walker supervises the trimming. The art of stunting the growth of trees has been fully developed in Japan.

pected to look at the flower until he knows it so thoroughly he can put it aside and paint a petal or a leaf with one stroke of the brush.

Before she sailed from Sydney in January to join her husband in New York, I asked Mrs. Walker, "How would you sum up your feelings about the Japanese?"

She said: "Undoubtedly they did dreadful things dur-

ing the war, but those things are outside my own experience and I cannot speak of them. I do know, from my own experience, that the Japanese have values above self-interest and money, and a considerable capacity for friendship and loyalty.

"I think that, now they have learned the lessons of their defeat, they could be our good friends."



MRS. WALKER AND HER SON Ronald with two Japanese maids outside the ivy-covered walls of the Embassy. These photographs are by Fujicolor.



for day-long daintiness



After your shower, there's nothing quite as refreshing as a dusting of fine, caressing Mitcham Lavender Talcum Powder. Potter & Moore's Lavender Talcum Powder makes you delicately fragrant all day long. It leaves the skin cool, dry and smooth, is deodorising and absorbent. Gives that demure Mitcham Lavender perfume so much loved by discriminating people.

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**PAN AMERICAN**

# FAMOUS LAST WORDS



"Don't worry, Edith. Why, just the wedding presents alone will furnish our apartment."

# MOTHER



"There's the nicest lady next door, Mum! She gave us sixpence each, just to clear out."

# It seems to me

By



*Dorothy Drain*

AMERICANS, intent on winning back the Davis Cup, are trying to interest young people in tennis.

The United States Lawn Tennis Association has hired a public relations firm to launch a £20,000 campaign which, according to reports, will use comic books and sex as part of its publicity.

Since sex is nowadays used to sell everything from washing machines to carpets, it is natural for the advertising men to try it on tennis.

And yet tennis is not really a sexy game, not by modern standards.

There was a time, of course, when the game had its romantic uses. When young ladies first played mixed doubles with young gentlemen it afforded an occasional stimulating glimpse of ankles. Later it provided an opportunity for girls to wear shorts.

But the thousands of people who go to watch first-class tennis in Australia are not, I imagine, thinking of sex at all. They are thinking about tennis, queer as it may seem.

I look forward, fascinated, to the American publicity campaign.

THAT spokesman for the R.A.N. who said that the visiting French sailors would be more interested in Australian birds and animals than girls is never going to live it down.

As a matter of fact I saw quite a lot of the sailors engaged in bird-watching round the Cross. They were particularly interested in that attractive species commonly known as the slick chick.

THE case of the Queen's Messenger who found himself in the wrong plane may seem funny to some people, but not to me.

He was Lieutenant-Colonel L. A. Villiers, flying from London to Istanbul (so he thought). Unfortunately, the plane was going to Madrid.

This is the kind of situation especially feared by females.

Airline companies will, I know, protest that passengers are instructed over the loud-speakers, that tickets are checked, and that only a half-wit could make an error. But excitable passengers sometimes retain a doubt.

If it is early morning or late afternoon and the sun is shining it is possible to work out whether the plane is flying north or south. Or you can say to the passenger beside you, "I suppose this is the plane for Adelaide?"

But you can only say this to a woman, because it is too humiliating to confess such a doubt to a strange man.

Or it was.

Now one will be able to begin the conversation by saying, "Funny thing, wasn't it, about that fellow who meant to go to Istanbul and went to Madrid? It's nice to be sure this aircraft really is going to Darwin, isn't it?"

Only a cad would fail to set the speaker's mind at rest.

A FORTNIGHT ago I mentioned an extraordinary hint on how to acquire poise. I have now found an even more arresting piece of advice on how to remove circles from under the eyes.

"Stand on your head," says a noted English beauty authority. "This works wonders."

Before you protest, let me add that she says that if you can't stand on your head (and very few of us can by the time we get circles under our eyes) you may lie with your head hanging down over the side of the bed.

I have been thinking about this rather earnestly, and trying hard to imagine what happens to the rest of the face when upside down.

Possibly the writer has something. After youth has passed the main thing that goes wrong with a face is that it tends to fall down. Standing on the head would make it fall up. So far, so good.

But will it stay up? I don't believe it. Nothing so far invented has achieved this except the surgical face-lift, of which most women are chary.

I have long toyed with the idea of a device, which I now offer free to the beauty experts. It consists of a pair of bulldog clips (they could be made of silver and studded with brilliants) placed strategically in front of the tops of the ears and concealed by the hair.

Try the effect some time, using fingers instead of bulldog clips if you are faint-hearted. Much less trouble than standing on the head.

A MARRIED couple who celebrated their 71st wedding anniversary recently told inquirers that the secret of a happy marriage was for each to be kind and considerate to the other.

As a piece of advice this is about as useful as that from the centenarian who, asked how to live a long time, said, "Just keep breathing."

PARIS fashion editors say that the new arrow-line fashion will be difficult for most screen beauties, especially Gina Lollobrigida. They say she will have to lose two stone before she can wear the new line.

If Gina Lollobrigida

Were slimmer she'd be rigid.

And that might put her in the fashion.

But likewise it would quench the passion

Of those—and plenty have been known—

Who like a bit of flesh on bone.

Oh, Gina has her stock-in-trade.

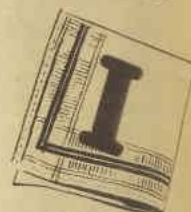
It's not a sharpened shoulder-blade.

She's not so dopy, is La Lollo.

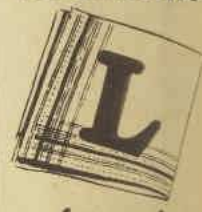
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for smartness



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**Rid Kidneys Of  
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If you suffer from Rheumatism, Sleepless Nights, Leg Pains, Backache, Lumbago, Nervousness, Headaches, Colds, Dizziness, Circled Vision, Swollen Ankles, Loss of Appetite or Borey, your system is being poisoned because germs are impeding the vital process of your kidneys. You must kill the germs which cause these troubles, as blood can't be pure till kidneys function normally. Buy Cystex—the new scientific discovery which starts benefit in 2 hours. Get Cystex from your chemist, or store to-day. It will prove satisfactory or money back.



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## PRESS THE "BUTTON"

and kill every fly, every insect pest in the room.

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and a penetrating mist of concentrated Mortein is instantly and automatically released. This insecticidal mist floats to every part of the room and quickly kills every insect pest—even those that lurk behind curtains and furnishings.

## PRESS THE "BUTTON"

for only three to four seconds. Properly used, Mortein Pressure★Pak goes very much further than ordinary insect sprays.

## PRESS THE "BUTTON"

with complete confidence. Mortein Pressure★Pak does not contain DDT. It can safely be sprayed anywhere in the home. Mortein Pressure★Pak does not harm or taint foodstuffs.

Regular size, 8/11; Large size, 15/11



Whether you buy a large Mortein Pressure★Pak for 15/11 or an 8-ounce bottle of Mortein Plus for 2/3, you get the world's most powerful and dependable insecticide. The most important thing, therefore, is to INSIST ON MORTEIN and—"When you're on a good thing—stick to it!"





**THURSDAY IS  
ART CLASS NIGHT FOR  
BUSY MOTHER OF 4**

Mother of four lively children, aged two to 12, Mrs. G. Chapman of Meadowbank, N.S.W., still finds time for art classes, tennis and a lot of entertaining. She is typical of thousands of young Australian homemakers who maintain a fresh and friendly household.



WITH SO MANY THINGS  
TO DO IN OUR SPARE TIME,  
IT'S WONDERFUL TO HAVE  
AN EFFICIENT WORK-SAVER  
LIKE RINSO. IT GETS DISHES  
SPARKLING AND KEEPS MY  
HANDS NICE, TOO!



FAR MORE  
SUDS FOR  
YOUR MONEY



With Rinso's  
thicker, richer suds  
grease vanishes . . .  
yet hands stay lovely

Instead of the old-fashioned soap shaker, you'll find in the modern kitchen a clean, fresh packet of Rinso for the washing-up. For Rinso means dishes well done in half the time. Only a tablespoonful of Rinso for the biggest family wash-up gives a froth of long-lasting suds that dissolve grease fast. Plates, glasses and cutlery come out of those thicker, richer suds thoroughly clean, sparkling like sunbeams.

Thousands of capable, charming housewives agree with Mrs. Chapman that Rinso is as good for dishes as for clothes.

USED BY 7 OUT OF EVERY 10 HOUSEWIVES EVERY WASHDAY

Z.378:WW(14)g

# Ten Paris models for parades here

● Here are seven of the ten French mannequins who will take part in a parade of French fashions at David Jones', Sydney, and Myer's, Melbourne.



The fashions, which are part of the French Exhibition in Australia, will contain models from 21 members of the *Chambre Syndicale de la Couture Parisienne*.

They are Balmain, Bruyere, Carven, Dior, Renal, Germaine Lecomte, Gres, Fath, Griffe, Jacques Heim, Desses, Patou, Lanvin (Castillo), Madeleine de Rauch, Maggy Rouff, Montaigne, Nina Ricci, Paquin, Pierre Clarence, Raphael, and Bernard Sagardoy.

The girls will take part in David Jones' parades from March 19 until March 29.

DADOU was a dress designer. In 1950 she decided that it was better to wear clothes than to design them — she has two small children.



ANNICK BRUNET is a French girl who was brought up in North Africa. Soon after her arrival in Paris she met the director of a famous fashion salon, who launched her on her modelling career.

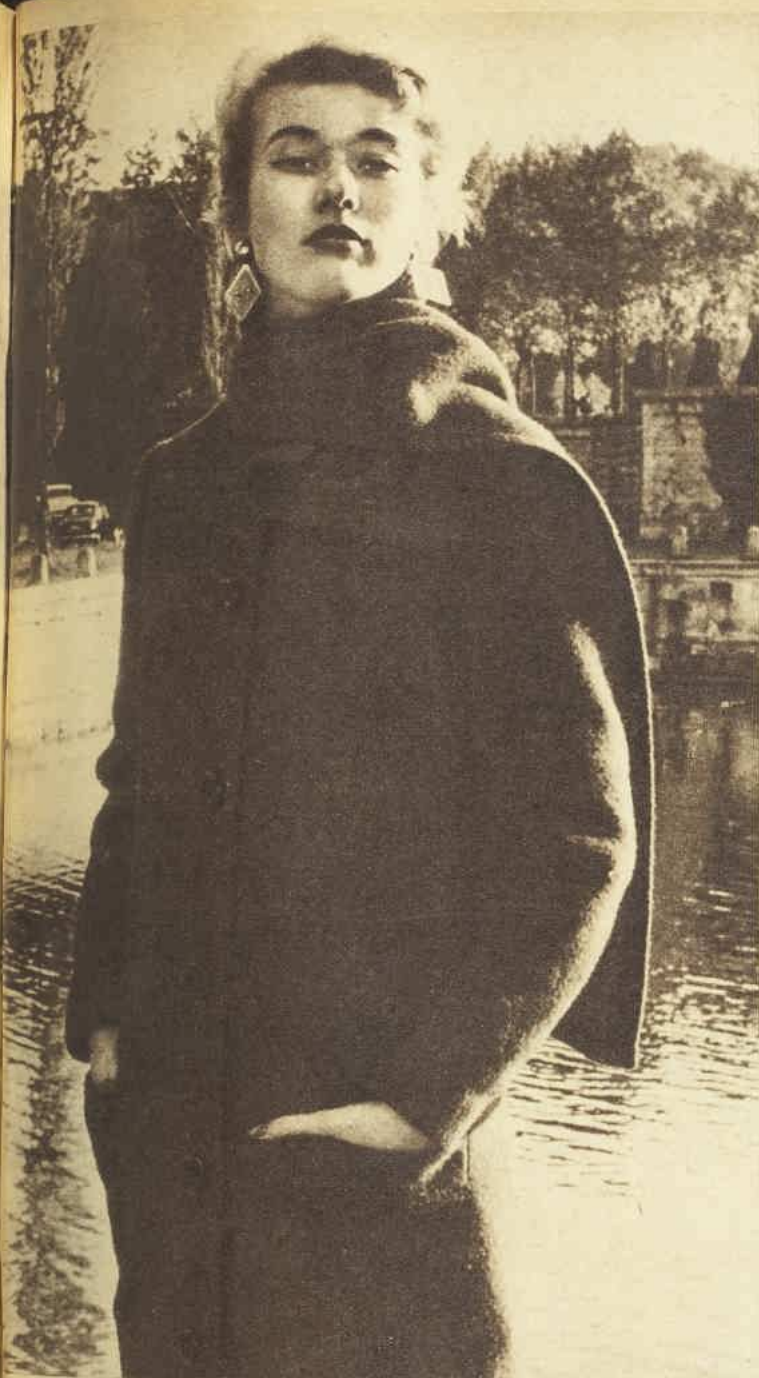


ROLANDE STERLI, aged 23, is a Parisienne who became interested in fashion at the tender age of 15. She began her career as a cover-girl in Italy and Germany.



KAREN HELLSTROM migrated from Sweden to Paris 15 years ago. She has modelled for Dior in Rome, London, Brussels, Quebec, Washington, and New York.





**MARTINE BOCHEUX, 19,** was studying at the *l'Ecole des Beaux Arts* when *Paris Match*, a French magazine, discovered her a few months ago. Now a star mannequin, she has jade-green eyes and a 20in. waist.



**HUGUETTE DROLE** never dreamed of being a mannequin. She was a teletypist and hated it. However, after attending a modelling school Schiaparelli hired her on the spot.



**MONIQUE DE SAINT SALVY** began as a model with the house of Carven. She has toured most parts of the world with him. Monique is married with a son aged 6½.



*Kid gloves for her fingers . . .  
Kid shoes for her toes . . .  
The lady has glamour  
. . . wherever she goes*

It's kid . . . *glare-soft kid* . . . to look for this year! So pretty, so gay, so delightfully modern. All this . . . and comfort, too! This season kid is definitely coming into its own, combining a lustrous beauty, a blissful suppleness to flatter your feet and keep them supremely comfortable into the bargain.

It's well worth looking carefully for kid this season . . . rich-glowing kid in day-time classics, popular casuals, deliciously pretty cocktail and dance-time shoes. And the very best of these shoes carry a new crimson seal, *the seal of the Kid Tanners' Guild*, to assure you that you're buying the finest — and the most fashionable — shoes of the year. The most comfortable, too, for there's something very special about the texture of kid that makes it yield and flex to every wiggle of your toes, whether you're walking or dancing — or just standing for hours at a stretch. Soft as a glove — that's kid!

*Do remember to look for the kid seal next time you're searching for your ideal shoes. That's the best — and the smartest — advice we know.*

THE *Kid* TANNERS' GUILD





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\* Oshkosh in Indian language means "Good News". Oshkosh Industrial Clothing, tough as buckskin, is good news throughout Australia.



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Oshkosh Overalls, made and stitched to last, cut for comfort. In khaki, navy and white.

**Oshkosh**

**GUARANTEED Industrial Clothing**





# They've glamorised the old cotton cossie

By AINSLIE BAKER, staff reporter

Two of Australia's brightest hopes for the swimming events at the Olympic Games are teenage girls who have glamorised stockinette racing costumes and wet rat-tail hair.

The teenagers are Lorraine Crapp, 17, of Concord, N.S.W., who is our cover girl this week, and Dawn Fraser, the 18-year-old record-breaker, of Balmain, N.S.W.

LORRAINE is one of the most youthful world-record holders swimming has ever known.

In her old racing costume, with her wet hair, Lorraine looks little different from the quiet 15-year-old who became the darling of the 1954 Vancouver Games.

But the smart young lady you see leaving the baths in grey suede high-heeled shoes and career-girl skirt and blouse is Miss Lorraine Crapp, receptionist to a big manufacturer.

Ask her "When did you suddenly grow up, Lorraine?" and she cannot say.

But the chances are she first started to grow up some time in the past 18 months, when she first put cold-cream on her face to offset the effect of training long hours in chlorinated pools.

"I don't know why, but I just never worried about it before," Lorraine says in a puzzled way.

During the swimming season Lorraine trains five hours each day.

## Head under tap

NOWADAYS the quaint little bead of hair that has become the trademark of a champion has the pool water washed out of it four or five times a week—even though, sometimes, it is only under the nearest tap.

It was Lorraine who early in her career popularised the current no-cap, short hair-cut style among competitive swimmers.

The idea was coach Frank Guthrie's, who wanted her to hear his instructions.

Today Lorraine's hair is slowly creeping down, and the swimming idol of countless teenagers wants to wear a bun.

"Or, anyway, some sort of long hair," she explains. "I seem to have had it short for years and years."

"Lorraine has thoroughly feminine ways," says her coach, Frank Guthrie. "When Gary Chapman's been giving her a lift after training I've seen him nearly tearing his hair waiting for her to finish dress-

ing and come out of the changing-room."

The mature Lorraine makes way for the familiar water-baby when she says, "I like loganberry ice-cream best. Sometimes after training I eat six."

She is one of the few world-ranking swimmers who has never had to have a special diet.

"She's a champion success hasn't spoiled," said the lady in charge of the milk bar at Enfield Olympic Pool, where the crew-cut boys and short-haired girls of the N.S.W. team trained for the Australian Championships.

Lorraine proved, too, during the championships that she could take defeat. Beaten twice by Dawn Fraser in record-breaking times, she bobbed up smiling.

At 17 Lorraine isn't interested in serious romance. "I'll wait six years for that," she says.

## Boy-friend

BUT she has a boy-friend who takes her to the pictures and sometimes to parties.

"I don't go out with him regularly," she says. "Sometimes I go out with the boys who swim."

Lorraine was born at Bathurst, N.S.W., spent a few years of her childhood at Jervis Bay, where her father was engaged in air-sea rescue work with



"GROWN-UP" Lorraine Crapp with swimmer Gary Chapman, who occasionally drives her home from the baths after training. Seventeen-year-old Lorraine is a receptionist.

the R.A.A.F., and, with her mother, father, and 13-year-old sister Thelma, she now lives on the bank of the Parramatta River at Concord.

She went to school at Methodist Ladies' College, Burwood.

Lorraine delights in the fact that you'd never know that her newly decorated bedroom is that of a girl who spends five hours a day in the water.

"It just hasn't got anything to do with swimming," she says. "I chose everything myself, and I'm very pleased with it."

Two of the walls are light blue, two dark blue, and the ceiling is wedgewood-blue. The venetian blinds are light blue with beet-red tapes. The lacquered furniture matches the blinds.

Lorraine's employer gave her leave of absence to train for the Australian Championships, curtain-raiser to the Olympics.

## Keen on job

SHE'S keen about her job, and is looking forward to going back. "I have a very interesting time," she said.

After swimming, Lorraine's second interest is sailing, and her family are going to get her a VJ to sail on the river at the foot of their back garden. It's to be called Brog.

But asked does she intend to race "Brog," the girl whose name appears time and again in the Australian record book laughs and says, "Oh, no, I couldn't. I wouldn't be good enough."

## Own dressmaker

DAWN FRASER'S main interest, after swimming, is sewing. She makes her clothes, even her own shorts and slacks, and prefers sports clothes.

Tall and sleek, with blue eyes and pointed chin, Dawn is the youngest of seven children. Until her temporary move to Adelaide last year to train with coach Harry Gallagher, she worked in a Balmain dress factory and part-time in a milk bar to "build up a bank."

In Adelaide she has been living with Harry Gallagher's parents and working as a sales-girl at a leading city store.

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PAY-LATER PLAN



CHAMPION Dawn Fraser, of Balmain, N.S.W., who set two world records at the Australian Championships. Before moving to Adelaide last year, Dawn trained at Drummoyne Pool.



# Special Feature BARBECUES



**BARBECUE SETTING** at Miss M. Jay's lovely home at Warrawee, N.S.W., is colorful. All equipment for her parties is kept in adjacent lockers.



**MOBILE BARBECUE** is preferred by many people because it can be wheeled to any part of the garden, terrace, or wide verandah as weather dictates. The one above, made in France, has slots for condiments, a holder for cutlery, and a bellows. Note the apron.



**OUTDOOR LIVING AREA** with barbecue at Mr. and Mrs. Norman Shoppard's home in South Yarra, Victoria, was designed by themselves, and furnished according to ideas they have picked up from all parts of the world. It includes all modern equipment, such as a miniature refrigerator in the kitchenette, cocktail bar, and a radio-gram in the main centre. The barbecue spit came from France. Cupboards hold china.



**QUARRY STONE** makes the large barbecue set at the end of a delightful sunken garden at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Len Tolley in Toorak Gardens, Adelaide. It is a shady spot under an almond tree with a surround of pot-plants. Smoke from the fire can be seen issuing from the chimney. Polished slate forms the serving-slabs. A low stone wall built round the lawn is a favorite place for guests to sit.



# FOOD TASTES BETTER IN THE OPEN AIR

**C**OOKING and serving food out of doors is not only fun for the family, but the easiest way to entertain.

Everyone relaxes in the fresh air. Informality is the keynote. Mother beams because there are no kitchen chores. Father likes to be master of the food and the fire, visitors are anxious to help—their appetites whipped by the aroma of sausages and chops or steak sizzling over the open fire.

On this page are seven barbecue settings—all with a typical carefree atmosphere. More barbecue news and food ideas are overleaf.

—EVE GYE



**OUTDOOR PARTIES** for hundreds of their friends have been given by Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Ney, of St. Ives, N.S.W., who frequently entertain at barbecues in the ideal setting shown above. Mr. Ney, wearing chef's cap and apron labelled "Poor Old Dad," always cooks the steaks, chops, sausages, and other barbecue food.



**DELICIOUS CASSEROLE** served to guests by Mrs. E. M. Spink (seated) was cooked on the mobile barbecue on the terrace of her delightful home at Collaroy Heights, N.S.W. The portable barbecue, fired by charcoal, is collapsible. It can be carried in the boot of a car; so can the smart folding table with its four attached seats. The yellow cloth is of fine canvas fringed in white. Plump canvas cushions, a swinging seat, and African-style chairs add comfort and color to the open-air setting.



**IN THE BACK GARDEN** at their home at North Balwyn, Victoria, Mr. and Mrs. Lance Rackham have built this attractive barbecue. Mrs. Rackham is shown attending to the food. This delightful spot is very popular with their friends and with their son Terence's schoolboy pals, especially for the many supper parties they give.



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A cunning little magnet lifts the severed lid! The cutting wheel comes out for easy cleaning.

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# BUILDING A BARBECUE

● A barbecue or garden grill of the type illustrated here is not difficult to build and is a great asset in informal entertaining.

THE reflecting wall of the barbecue, being semi-circular, need be of the thickness of only one brick, because a structure of this shape is capable of standing without additional support.

The useful side benches of bricks with tops of ready-made concrete slabs add to its strength and appearance. Flat stone or bricks can be used for the bench tops if inexpensive ready-made concrete slabs are not available.

Set the barbecue against a wall or hedge in a fairly protected spot, on a site where prevailing winds will not blow the smoke in the wrong direction—that is, on to the chef or guests.

If the barbecue is set in a corner of a paved courtyard there is no need to lay a foundation.

## BARBECUES CONTINUED...

Otherwise you require a brick, stone, concrete, or concrete-slab base.

**Materials required:** About 97 common bricks for the semi-circular grill; 60 common bricks for the bench walls, and four concrete slabs for the bench top; two bags each of cement and sand; at least three iron bars to support a circular frame of fine mesh-wire; trowel, hammer, level; and a bucket of water in which to soak the bricks before laying them.

If iron bars are preferred to a mesh-wire grill, reinforcing rod can be bought, cut in the necessary lengths, and set 1 in. to 1 1/2 in. apart on the seventh layer of bricks, or as desired.

If no ready-made foundation is available and you wish to build a concrete base, a small quantity of gravel is also required.



HOME-BUILT BARBECUE is easily constructed. The side benches are useful to hold equipment or as seats. Directions for building the barbecue are given on this page.

To make this type of foundation dig a 3 in. deep circle about 3 ft. 8 in. in diameter. Make a wet but not sloppy concrete mixture of three parts gravel, two parts sand, and one part cement, pour into a circular frame, and level off.

Cover with a wet bag and allow to dry off thoroughly before laying the bricks.

Lay the first row of 12 bricks flat to form a complete circle, using a mortar made of two parts of sand and one part of cement. On top of this row set another row of bricks in a complete circle.

Now build the semi-circular wall. This is formed by adding nine layers of bricks in semi-circular form as illustrated in the sketch. Each layer consists of eight bricks.

After the fifth layer is laid (seventh from the ground level), insert rods to support wire-mesh frame.

If you wish to make a grill from reinforcing rods, measure and cut rods in graduating sizes with a hacksaw and lay across the row of bricks at intervals of 1 in. or 1 1/2 in.

When you have placed rods in position, spread a layer of mortar before proceeding with the next layer of bricks.

The benches are built at right angles to the barbecue. They can be made any width,



ACCESSORIES to make your barbecue a luxury meal include a wooden platter, salt-and-pepper shakers, folding cutlery holder, and mugs. Available at leading city stores.

depending on the type of top used. Benches in the sketch have walls three bricks in length and five high.

To give a neat finish to the brickwork, mark joints lightly with the trowel while the mortar is still wet.

When the job is finished allow the barbecue and the benches to dry out for one or two weeks before using.

**Equipment:** Before you organise your barbecue be sure you have all the equipment on hand—plenty of fuel, oven mitts, long-handled forks

and tongs, salt and pepper, sauces, all the plates, food, and drink you need. Those trips to the kitchen for the extras can spoil anyone's fun.

Keep your barbecue simple. Too much fuss makes it a formal affair. Cut down on the work, too, and serve food on paper plates.

And have sharp knives! Special steak knives with a serrated edge are excellent for barbecues.

Unless plenty of wood is available you may have to fire the barbecue with charcoal, which is one of the best types of fuel to use. Sometimes it is hard to use it to best advantage, so here are a few suggestions:

- Pour a little lighter fluid on to a small pile of charcoal, leave it a moment, and then set it alight. The charcoal will then burn quickly and brightly.
- Old candle ends can also be used to start the charcoal fire going.
- For a reserve of hot coals to keep the fire going under a large grill, have a ring of extra charcoal in the firebox beside the fire, and add it a few pieces at a time.
- Always wait until the flame dies down and there is a bed of hot coals before starting to cook, otherwise the meat will be charred on the outside and raw inside.
- A good way to make the most of your charcoal when grilling with a spit is to make a ring of fire under the meat. Widen the ring to reduce heat, narrow it to increase the heat.

## Our 1956 Knitting Book

THE Australian Women's Weekly's wonderful new knitting book, now on sale, has 36 smart designs in knitting and crochet, many of them imported from Paris, Rome, London, New York, and Amsterdam.

There is a design to suit every member of the family—warm sweaters for the men, dainty clothes for babies, sturdy woollens for the youngsters, and elegant styles for the women.

Start your winter knitting early this year. Get your copy of *The Australian Women's Weekly Knitting Book for 1956* from all newspapers and book-stalls. Price only 2/-.

BULKY but elegant jacket (left) is from New York, and the sophisticated casual (right) from a famous Italian couturier.





# FEAST FOR A CROWD

By LEILA C. HOWARD,  
Our Food and Cookery Expert

You don't have to be an expert to produce an appetising barbecue meal that will delight your guests.

FOR those imbued with the picnic spirit there's no finer way than a barbecue to share good food and fun. Most people enjoy eating outdoors, with a plate in one hand and a fork in the other, but a few do not, so be tactful and don't include these among your guests.

There are plenty of recipes here from which to choose your barbecue menu. It is much better to have a plentiful supply of a few of these dishes than to attempt to serve a great variety.

Spoon measurements in the following recipes are level:

## BARBECUED MEATS

**Mixed Grill:** Allow 2 chops (or sausages), 1 sausage (or chop), and 1 veal and pineapple brochette for each man; 1 chop, 1 sausage, and 1 brochette should be sufficient for each woman.

Prick sausages well, arrange on grids over barbecue fire with chops and cubes of veal

## BARBECUES CONTINUED...

steak and pineapple threaded on long metal skewers. Dust with salt and pepper, and turn several times to ensure even cooking.

Chops may be brushed with barbecue sauce during cooking, or the sauce may be served separately.

**Steak:** Use a choice, thick cut, lightly edged with fat, such as rump, sirloin, or porterhouse. Reduce fire to red-hot glowing coals; to obtain these, hard woods must be burnt. Cook the steak on a wire frame, turning several times.

The length of time for cooking depends on the thickness of the steak, the eater's preference, and the amount of heat from the coals. Ten to 20 minutes is usual. Season and serve as soon as cooked.

**Sausages:** Cover pricked sausages with water, slowly bring to the boil, and simmer for five minutes. Drain, and grill over barbecue fire. Cut a sandwich loaf into thin slices, either lengthwise or across. Butter slices and spread lightly with mustard or chutney. Roll a slice around each sausage, and skewer with small wooden picks.

**Pork Chops:** Cut rind of chops in 3 or 4 places. Dust with salt and pepper. Arrange on grid over barbecue fire, and cook steadily for 20 to 30 minutes, according to heat of fire and thickness of chops. Pork must always be well cooked. Chops may be brushed with barbecue sauce or orange sauce during cooking.

## CHARCOAL GRILLED STEAK

Sirloin steaks, claret or burgundy, papaw, garlic, salt.

Marinate steaks in wine for at least 3 to 4 hours. Rub papaw through a coarse strainer, reducing to pulp. About an hour before cooking, drain steaks from wine; coat both sides with papaw pulp, let stand. Mix a small quantity finely minced garlic with salt and sprinkle over steaks. Cook on bed of charcoal. May be served with mushrooms cooked in butter.

## BARBECUE HAMBURGERS

Two pounds finely minced beef, 2 teaspoons salt,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon pepper, 4 tablespoons chopped onion,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  tablespoons mixed horseradish or sharp chutney, fat.

Combine the beef, seasonings, onion, and horseradish or chutney, and pound well



SUCCULENT CHOPS AND SAUSAGES are being cooked by Mr. Marshall Ney at the barbecue, while vivacious Mrs. Ney serves drinks, at their home at St. Ives, N.S.W. Picture by Frank Gardner.

together. Thickly grease a griddle or heavy frying-pan and place spoonfuls of the mixture on it. Flatten with a spoon or knife, and turn to cook both sides. Serve as soon as cooked, usually between rolls or thickly sliced bread.

## DEVILLED MUTTON CHOPS

One tablespoon melted butter, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon mango chutney, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon freshly ground peppercorns, 1 tablespoon brandy, 6 thick mutton chops,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup currant jelly, 1 teaspoon dried mint.

Blend together in a saucepan the melted shortening, Worcestershire sauce, mango chutney, lemon juice, ground peppercorns and brandy. Stir over moderate heat until well blended and hot, then pour it over the mutton chops in a shallow dish. Marinate for 4 to 6 hours. Drain chops, reserving the marinade. While chops are cooking over the fire, prepare the sauce as follows: To the marinade add currant jelly and dried mint; heat to boiling point. Keep hot. Pour small quantity on each chop when cooked or serve separately as a sauce.

## SAVORY SAUSAGES

One pound sausage meat, 4 tablespoons browned breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon curry powder, 1 teaspoon chopped sage, 1 chopped hard-boiled egg, 1 teaspoon finely chopped onion, 1 tomato, 1 banana, 1 apple, 1 onion, salt, pepper, 1 teaspoon treacle,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon dry mustard, 1 teaspoon flour,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup boiling water.

Mix sausage meat with breadcrumbs, curry powder, sage, chopped, hard-boiled

egg, and chopped onion. Shape into sausages, using floured hands, and arrange in a greased fireproof dish. Slice the tomato, banana, apple, and onion. Sprinkle with pepper and salt, and place on top of the sausages. Mix treacle, dry mustard, flour, and boiling water. Pour into the dish, cover and cook about 45 minutes. Remove lid, baste with the gravy, and cook another 20 minutes. Reheat on barbecue fire before serving.

## TO BARBECUE A WHOLE SHEEP

A 40lb. to 42lb. hogget can be successfully barbecued if the carcass is turned continually during the cooking time, which is from 5 to 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  hours.

The following procedure is most satisfactory when the barbecue is built in the form of a deep brick trough.

For a barbecue timed for 6.15 p.m. or 6.30 p.m., light the fire at 9 a.m. Bank it thoroughly so that the fire is at the "glowing coal" stage by 1 p.m.

At that time attach the whole sheep to an iron bar running the length of the fire trough. The iron bar is best placed towards the back, rather than over the exact centre of the fire, and about 2ft. 6in. above it. Attach an old crank-handle to the iron bar, and turn it continuously until 6 p.m., so that the carcass cooks evenly.

After about five hours' cooking the carcass should be ready to carve. The two legs may need a few extra minutes' cooking after they are sliced. This could be done on wire grills.

## BARBECUE NOTIONS

TRY our ideas as a starter, then work out some new ones of your own. They'll come easily once you begin.

**Vagabond Potatoes:** Pack 3 or 4 small, well-scrubbed potatoes into a nut-roll tin. Place tin on grid when heat is low and even. Roll tin occasionally so that cooking is even. Split open when cooked, add a dab of butter, pepper, salt.

**Totem-pole Potatoes:** Scrub small, new potatoes, leave unpeeled, and string on skewers. Stand skewers upright in a tall billy-can of boiling salted water. Simmer over fire until tender. Remove skewered potatoes from billy-can, brush with melted butter, dust with salt and pepper.

**Barbecue Onions:** Cut large, peeled onions into thin slices. Cook slowly in hot shortening in heavy pan over hot coals until golden-brown, turning frequently.

Continued on page 69





Have those swinging doors made you see stars once too often?

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Ever feel like taking an axe to those swinging cupboard doors? You need doors on Bangor track! You can't crack your skull on a door that slides on Bangor. And sliding doors save precious kitchen space (just figure out for yourself how much "swinging room" your cupboard doors waste). And the beauty of Bangor cupboard track is that it's so easy to install you can do the job yourself. This

### Bangor Domestic Track

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carries garage doors easily, smoothly from across front of garage down the side wall. Doors on Bangor 'round-the-corner track save the effort of opening and closing stubborn swinging doors. They won't slam in the wind. They can be installed on street alignment, can be securely locked.

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### Bangor idea of the month

Instead of a multitude of little swinging doors, try just a few large sliding doors on your cupboards. Slide them back on Bangor track and — presto! — your soap and starch and bleaches, your detergents and bluing and washing soda, your ironing board and iron and sprinkler, are all revealed. No need for a separate hunt for each. It's a suggestion that adds beauty as well as convenience to the modern home. You may have your sliding doors painted different colours, if a checker-board effect harmonizes with your decor.

## Worth Reporting

ONE hundred and eighty-five handsome young French trainee naval officers took Melbourne and Sydney by storm for two weeks during the brief visit of the French training cruiser Jeanne d'Arc and the escort vessel, La Grandiere.

The preponderance of eligible young officers aboard has been an answer to the prayers of many local girls.

The average age of the trainee officers is 23, and they are all sub-lieutenants. A knowledge of English is one of the main requirements for trainees, so the local girls didn't have to lean too heavily on their high-school French.

The young Frenchmen were delighted by the interest Australians have taken in their ships.

They were amused by a party of schoolgirls who were shown over Jeanne d'Arc and left sporting the matelets' "pompoms rouges" on their school hats.

The Jeanne d'Arc was commissioned as a training cruiser in 1931. The training group, comprising Jeanne d'Arc and La Grandiere, is under the command of Captain Claude Burin des Roziers.

Asked how much freedom they were given in port, Sub-Lieutenant Jacques Ortolan, of Toulon, said:

"Usually, on off-duty days, we have to be on board by 10.30 p.m. when we are in port, but in Melbourne it was different. Melbourne was such a kind place that all except midshipmen didn't have to be on board until midnight. The only other place where we were free until midnight was Tahiti."

When they reach Brest, their home port, in May this year, the two ships will have circled the world.

RAIN was pouring down, fields were flooded, and the bridge over the river awash when a colleague drove through one of the flood areas in N.S.W. recently.

Police were directing worried-looking motorists on detours along muddy by-roads.

But among the bushes on the roadside were five people holding umbrellas and billycans, unconcernedly picking blackberries.

Jam-making time?

### Pottery that's hard to break

STRONG, durable pottery which has a ring like crystal is being produced by a Melbourne potter and artist.

The pottery is designed by John Perceval and his wife. It is made from natural clay and is so sturdy that it can be dropped on the floor without breaking.

"But I wouldn't suggest you drop it on concrete," John Perceval said.

Shapes are unusual but entirely functional, John says. One of his designs for a teapot incorporates the old-fashioned idea of an immersion.

He is also showing pottery frying-pans and casseroles.

"Of course, pottery frying-pans are not for everyday use, and you must use an asbestos mat under them," John said. "But for special occasions a frying-pan that looks decorative on the table is quite an asset."

QUOTE from a speech made at a luncheon of American sales executives on the subject of "Woman, her desires and needs":

"In infancy she wants love and care; in childhood she wants fun; in the teen excitement; in the twenties romance; in the thirties admiration; in the forties sympathy; and in her fifties cash."

### A partner for Cecil

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY has passed without bringing company for Cecil, a lone camel in Crandon Park Zoo, Miami, U.S.A.

The zoo's patrons contributed 1600 dollars to buy Cecil a mate, but an expected shipment of female dromedaries from Australia failed to arrive as scheduled on St. Valentine's Day.

Crandon Park Zoo officials still hold out hopes of getting Cecil a June bride.

Australia is at present the world's best source of camels for zoos, according to Sir Edward Hallstrom, chairman of Taronga Park Trust, Sydney.

"There are wild camels roaming Central Australia in large mobs," he said.

"There should be no difficulties in getting a mate for the Miami camel."



"Well, if you're going to sit and sulk all evening..."





**DOUBLE CHRISTENING.** Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McKay (left), of "Jindalee," Renty, and their daughter, Michele Isabel, with Mrs. McKay's brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Osborne, of "Bin Bin," Kingston, South Australia, and their son, Robert Redvers. The babies were christened in the Chapel of the Waverley War Memorial Hospital.

## SOCIAL JOTTINGS



**COUNTRY WEDDING.** Mr. and Mrs. Edward Jones leave St. John's, Forbes, after their wedding. The bride was formerly Lorraine Wilson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Wilson, of Droubaigie Estate, Forbes. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Queen Jones, of Double Bay.



**LEAVING for the reception after their wedding at St. Alban's, Lindfield, are Dr. and Mrs. Frank McGarn. The bride was formerly Margaret Prosser, of Lindfield.**

**HIGHLIGHT** of a four months' overseas tour for Mr. and Mrs. Frank Crane, of "Plashett," Jerry's Plains, will be at Stockholm, Sweden, in June.

The Cranes will be among spectators there when the 1956 Olympic Games equestrian events are staged.

They will set off from Sydney on board Oronsay on April 7, and plan to disembark at Naples to holiday for a few weeks on the Continent before going on to England.

On the way home Mr. and Mrs. Crane will visit America, and Mrs. Crane is looking forward to seeing her sister, Mrs. William Lucey, who lives in New York.

**AFTER** unpacking from a trip overseas, and a round of welcome-home parties, life for Beryl Robinson, of Gordon, is back to normal once more. Beryl arrived in Sydney last month from ten months' tour of England and Europe. She says her favorite country was Switzerland, and she brought home a charm bracelet as a souvenir of her visit there.

**I LIKE** Pam Miller's unusual color scheme in her pure silk and lace ballerina. The apricot silk is veiled with sky-blue lace, and a feature of the dress is a deep, harem-style frill at the hemline.

**DIAMOND** solitaire ring is being worn by Janet Robertson, who has announced her engagement to Bruce Thorby. Janet is the daughter of Mrs. E. M. Robertson, of Killara, and the late Dr. J. Inglis Robertson, and her fiancé is the son of Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Thorby, of "Burrawong Park," Binnaway.

**PRETTY** Jill Moore left last week for her home, "Walma," Walgett, after a holiday here. Jill has just announced her engagement to Alan Friend, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Friend, of The Astor, Macquarie St. . . but Alan was hemmed in by floods at Walgett (where he manages a property) and could not get down to Sydney for the engagement celebrations. Mrs. Friend tells me that Jill and Alan are hoping to spend Easter in Sydney. Then Alan will be able to see his brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Nash, and their small son, Richard, before they leave in June for their home in England. The Nash family arrived here in January.

**NEW** arrivals . . . Mr. and Mrs. Franco Bianchi, of Killara, have decided to call their son and heir James Edward. Mrs. Bianchi was Merren Waters . . . Ian McCullum and his wife, formerly Audray Triggs, have not yet chosen a name for their new baby daughter.

**A** WEDDING of interest to lots of Sydney folk will take place in Melbourne this Friday, March 2, when Dr. Tim Furber and Judy Holden are married. Tim's parents, Dr. and Mrs. T. Maynard Furber, of Point Piper, have travelled south for the wedding at South Yarra Presbyterian Church. Judy is daughter of Mrs. Ken Guest, of Eltham, Victoria, and the late Captain Les Holden.



**AT RECEPTION.** Mrs. Marcel Dekyvere with Enseigne de Vaisseau Alain Leceif (left) and Commissaire Maurice Bertrand at the reception given by the Consul-General for France, M. Jean de Montausse, at Prince's in honor of the visit to Sydney of French ships Jeanne d'Arc and La Grandiere.



**QUARTET OF GUESTS** at the reception given in honor of visiting French ships Jeanne d'Arc and La Grandiere are Helen Buckley, of Darling Point (second from left), and Jan Mills, of Pymble, with Enseignes de Vaisseau Francois Charbonnet (left) and Jean-Pierre Petit.



**ENGAGED.** Ann McGrath, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter McGrath, of Faulstich, with her fiancé, Graham Cole, second son of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Cole, of Moree. Ann is wearing a cluster ring of a pearl and diamonds.

**WHILE** their home at Balgowah is being built—it's now at the blueprint stage—newlyweds Peter and Sylvia Holmes will live in a flat at Elizabeth Bay. Peter and Sylvia are honeymooning on a motor tour of northern New South Wales, and expect to return to Sydney early in March. Sylvia is the daughter of Mr. M. E. Gibson, of "Erudgere," Mudgee, and Mrs. E. Gibson, of Clontarf.

**BRIEFLY** . . . nurses at St. Vincent's Hospital are busy with plans for their annual ball, to be held at the Trocadero on April 3.

**MAY** 26 is the date set by Patricia Malloy and Bernard Kerr for their wedding at St. Mary's Cathedral. Patricia, daughter of Mrs. A. Malloy, of Maroubra, and the late Mr. E. Malloy, will have two bridesmaids—Patricia O'Shannessy and Helen McGrath.

**WHEN** they return from their honeymoon, recently married Mr. and Mrs. John Bevan will settle into a new home at Wollongong. Mrs. Bevan was formerly Ruth Davison, of Port Kembla.

Anne



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gently hugs your  
foot—always!

—amazing raffia insert  
s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-s—adjusts  
itself to your exact  
foot width →



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Slip into a pair of these wonderful Knight "Flateez" and feel how comfortable they are — *right away!* You'll never have to break in *these* shoes, and they won't grow sloppy on your feet. The exclusive raffia insert adjusts itself to your exact fitting — wide, narrow or medium. Now, move your feet around inside Knight "Flateez" and you'll feel your toes sink into the luxury of thick foam

rubber cushioning. And, "Flateez" are long wearing, thanks to the famous "NeoKnight" soles.

"Flateez" by Knight are high fashion, too. Look at the unusual awning-stripe linings — you can almost "feel" those gay, brilliant colours under your toes.

In a full range of half sizes from 2-7, you'll find these Knight "Flateez" at your favourite shoe store.



Ask  
"Miss Knight"

If you are not able to get the Knight Slipper you want at your local store — or for any information on Knights — write to: "Miss Knight", C/o Box 3, P.O., Abbotsford, Victoria.



Make sure you get the genuine Knight Slipper. Look for the name "Knight" on both inside and outside soles.



choose from these happy fabrics—gay colours

Natural Italian strawcloth

Exciting red or "go-anywhere" black gabardine

ALL ONLY  
**28/11**  
EVERYWHERE



# DRESS SENSE

By *Betty Keep*

THE Paris overall was my choice for a young woman who finds it difficult to look attractive and neat when coping with her chores.

Here is her letter and my reply:

"I AM writing to you with a problem which is not, I suppose, high fashion, but I hope you will help me. I like wearing slacks and I try to look neat round the house (two young children), but I get myself grubby and seem

to be always untidy. Would it be possible to have some garment easily ironed and washed for the house for which I could obtain a pattern?"

I have just the thing for you — an apron-overall. It is Paris designed, and the French do understand chic. It is illustrated at right. You

can obtain a paper pattern for the design in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Lines under the sketch give further details and tell you how to order. By the way, please don't get the idea that I answer problems only about high fashion. I am just as anxious to help with everyday problems — in fact, even more so.

● **Spotlighted in Paris is the chic apron-overall to wear with tapered pants, a slender skirt, or a one-piece dress.**

"WOULD you consider cotton a suitable material for a better frock for a woman in her mid-fifties? I am a country woman and my outings, mainly visiting neighbors, involve long car drives."

I think that cotton — and don't forget modern dress cotton is often just as beautiful as pure silk — is both suitable and smart for the older woman. Style angles for this age group are three-quarter length sleeves, V-neckline, skirt gathered from a hip yoke, and dress belted at the natural waistline.

"WILL you please suggest a semi-formal outfit for the evening? I want it to wear when I go out with my boy-friend, but we usually dress informally. I want the outfit new for autumn and suitable for dancing."

Separates are the answer to your problem. You could, for instance, have a quilted circle skirt in gold and a separate top in white. The top could be high-necked and finished with a tiny, polo-necked collar, and made without sleeves. Have the ensemble belted in gold and wear matching sandals. Gold and white is autumn color news.

"DO you consider a silk suit would be a good buy for better wear? I do not have many occasions for wearing good clothes, so do not want to buy an unsuitable outfit. I have a very nice fur piece."

I consider a silk suit would be a good buy; it is definitely a wardrobe asset to fill that special daytime occasion. Furthermore, it has practically year-round appeal. It can be worn in autumn with a fur, as a costume for summer and spring, and under a coat in winter.

"I AM going up north for my annual holiday. As I want to make a new pair of shorts I would like to know if there is anything new in styles. I don't like the very short shorts."

Bermuda shorts, meaning shorts reaching just above knee-length, are currently new made in floral printed linen, novelty printed piques, and embroidered linens. The shorts themselves are perfectly tailored; the new dressy character comes from the fabric.

D.S. 181.—One-piece overall in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. material and 1yd. contrast. Price 3/6. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



## Beauty in Brief: Scarf as beauty aid

By Carolyn Earle

● A yard-square length of silk is one of the handiest grooming aids imaginable. Tied loosely over the head it saves upsetting your hair and complexion while dressing.

IN the ordinary way, nine women out of ten will smudge lipstick, touse a tidy hair-do, or find that make-up has rubbed off on to their gowns (sometimes they do all three) when getting into high-necked frocks.

The silk scarf idea puts an end to this exasperation. That's why models and actresses who haven't time to re-do their faces and hair after every costume change use it so much.

A square that is light, transparent, and all silk is best for the purpose.

Mixtures of cotton or wool lack surface slip and slide.

Centre the scarf at eyebrow level and throw it over the head and shoulders so that the face and neck are veiled. Then draw forward the two back ends to tie loosely under the chin.

The silk scarf ritual is important for every woman who makes up her face and arranges her hair before putting on her dress. It is also a handy item to carry in the handbag when on shopping tours for a new dress.

**Now enjoy your daily bread**  
—and say "goodbye" to middle-aged spread!



**RYVITA . . .**  
**the delicious RYE crispbread,**  
**makes you fit—keeps you slim**

Even if you're watching your waistline, there's no need to cut down on bread. Provided you choose Ryvita — the appetizing rye crispbread — you can enjoy bread every day, at every meal.

**Gives you vigor — trims your figure**

Ryvita is more satisfying, because it is all nourishment. Every crisp, wafer-thin slice supplies you with the vitamins, minerals and proteins which abound in the whole rye grain. Ryvita steps up your energy and sense of well-

being . . . stays with you longer, so prevents you getting hungry for snacks between meals.

**The perfect bread for every spread**

Everything you like tastes better with Ryvita. See how it brings out the flavour of jam, cheese, salads or your favourite spread. Taste how good it is — just spread with butter. Serve Ryvita for a quick, sustaining snack after school. Enjoy it with every meal — and keep your waistline in its place the easy modern way.

England's most popular crispbread . . .

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**ANYTIME IS HOLIDAY TIME**

**IN EXCITING, ROMANTIC**

# NORTH QUEENSLAND

**FLY THERE WITH**

# TAA

Follow the sun to the palm-studded beaches of the colourful North . . . the romantic islands of the Barrier Reef. Revel in the fun of exotic island cruises . . . magnificent beaches and exciting fishing. This all-year-round holiday playground is just a few hours away — flying TAA — the friendly way.



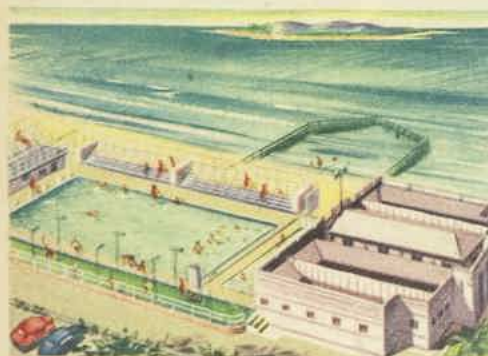
**SOUTH MOLLE ISLAND** . . . offers the perfect island holiday in the Barrier Reef wonderland. Aquaplaning on the blue waters . . . fishing trips to the Outer Reef . . . hiking, swimming, sunbathing . . . coral gazing in glass bottom boats. Tennis and dancing, also, make South Molle the holiday-maker's delight.



**CAIRNS** . . . on beautiful Trinity Bay, has some of the most fascinating scenery in Australia. You'll tour the Atherton Tablelands with its gorgeous tropic forests, mountains, crater lakes, and the glistening Barren Falls. You'll see the coral wonders of Green Island. Wonderful swimming, too . . . that's Cairns.



**HAPPY BAY** . . . on the sheltered, sandy shores of Long Island. For a holiday filled with rare enchantment, Happy Bay has everything . . . sparkling seas, delightful scenery, romantic evenings and unrivalled sport. Spend wide days fishing, cruising, swimming, or just relax in the cool shade on the palm-fringed shores.



**TOWNSVILLE** . . . surrounded by colour, basked in warmth, nestled in the shelter of Castle Hill, Townsville is just across the bay from Magnetic Island. Year-round moderate temperatures . . . a modern, Olympic standard swimming pool . . . the leisurely atmosphere . . . make Townsville the ideal holiday resort.



**BRAMPTON ISLAND** . . . a veritable tropic paradise, just two pleasant cruising hours from Mackay. There's never a dull moment on Brampton, for it provides a variety of sport to suit every mood. Or if you just feel like relaxing in the glorious sunshine. Brampton has some of Australia's loveliest sheltered beaches.

## TAA's "Fly by Lay-By" Plan.

With a small deposit and regular instalments, TAA's "Fly by Lay-By" Plan enables you to pay in advance for your air travel, accommodation, tours and island cruises. It's a free TAA service!

And remember if you're travelling from Melbourne or Sydney to Brisbane, you'll save £'s by flying TAA "Tourist".







Get there faster — and stay longer! TAA's fleet of fast pressurised Viscount and Convair airliners will take you North from any State in Australia. TAA's Convair "Rocket" service leaves Brisbane every day for Townsville and Cairns, and daily Skyliner services, too, link together North Queensland's chain of holiday resorts.



**INNISFAIR** . . . Australia's Kingdom of Sugar . . . set serenely on the banks of the Johnstone River and surrounded by verdant landscape. This is the mecca of sportsman and sun-worshipper both . . . it affords swimming, river trips, fishing, golf and tennis facilities . . . with a year-round Springtime temperature.



**PROSERPINE** . . . the Gateway to the Whitsunday Islands and the Great Barrier Reef. Proserpine . . . the stepping stone to the tropic island tourist resorts of the Whitsunday Passage. South Molle and Hayman Islands . . . Palm Bay and Happy Bay . . . all these exciting sunspots are within your easy reach.



**LINDEMAN ISLAND** . . . for a perfect holiday. Breathtaking scenery, reef and game fishing, tropic cruising, swimming, aquaplaning and reefing. A delicious cuisine features fresh fish, oysters and tropical fruits. Luxury suites — each with hot and cold fresh water shower and toilet — are provided for guests.



TAA knows that you will want to holiday in the many varied resorts that North Queensland offers. To help you in selecting your North Queensland holiday, TAA will gladly provide you with a selection of colourful brochures giving complete information. Simply fill in the coupon below and mail to your nearest TAA office.



**GREAT BARRIER REEF** . . . off the coast of North Queensland . . . a magnificent, multi-coloured chain of glorious coral reefs and islands, extending for 1,250 miles. Your North Queensland holiday includes cruises to the Great Barrier Reef from all the popular tourist resorts . . . the climax of a wonderful holiday.



**ROYLEN TROPICAL CRUISES** . . . see the glorious beauty of the Barrier Reef from the deck of a "Roylen" Cruiser. Lazily sail through the maze of tropical islands . . . fish from the deck or swim in the cool, clear waters off the island beaches. Your "Roylen" Cruiser gives you five carefree days "away from it all!"

There are so many exciting things to do . . . so much grandeur to be seen . . . in the picturesque holiday spots of North Queensland. In the temperate, fun-inviting climate, you can enjoy the sun-drenched beaches . . . palm-fringed groves . . . turbulent waterfalls . . . exotic plants and flowers, including the Hibiscus . . . lush tropical fruits . . . and cool enchanting evenings.



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[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.]

# AS I READ THE STARS

by Eve Hilliard  
For week beginning MAR. 5

## Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

<p><b>ARIES</b> The Ram MARCH 21—APRIL 20</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, navy blue. Lucky gambling colors, blue, red. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in a second chance.</p>	<p>★ You enter any agreement under favorable stars. There is a possibility that returns may exceed your expectations, or if employment is involved increased pay.</p>	<p>★ You must be prepared to stand on your own feet. Other people refuse to be leaning posts if you've been carrying more than your share of burdens, ease off.</p>	<p>★ If middle-aged and lonely, a new friend of the opposite sex is as firm and as not be persuaded against your better judgment. They'll find another to do it.</p>
<p><b>TAURUS</b> The Bull APRIL 21—MAY 20</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Lucky gambling colors, white, blue. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck lies in joining a club.</p>	<p>★ Prestige is a valuable asset even though it does not mean greater income. Recognition is coming closer, and it would be worth while sticking to your job.</p>	<p>★ Co-operative efforts at house-keeping can be made to work, but they require organizing and mutual understanding. If sharing a flat, be definite about duties.</p>	<p>★ A number of faults may combine sociability with other purposes, partly sporting or to raise funds for a cause. The harvest of goodwill may exceed your hopes.</p>
<p><b>GEMINI</b> The Twins MAY 21—JUNE 21</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, silver. Lucky gambling colors, silver, green. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in business and social affairs.</p>	<p>★ Hold fast to small gains. They add up to more than you realize. Play safe in business affairs. Nobody ever went broke through taking a small profit.</p>	<p>★ Don't try to impress the neighbors with your superior domestic accomplishments or criticize their methods. Their problems may be different from yours.</p>	<p>★ Those of you who won't play along unless you are put in charge of proceedings will secure plenty of headaches and criticism. Give reasons for your actions.</p>
<p><b>CANCER</b> The Crab JUNE 22—JULY 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Lucky gambling colors, yellow, brown. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck will be found in a book.</p>	<p>★ If you're restless, look around and grasp the fact that there are others far worse off than you are. Change for its own sake is not necessarily a good move.</p>	<p>★ Sometimes it hurts when we come to the end of a chapter. An old friend may move away or you yourself are tipped into a new neighborhood. Proceed cautiously.</p>	<p>★ Why not take a flit into circles which you are not familiar? A change of social diet will stimulate your interest and help you discover new talents.</p>
<p><b>LEO</b> The Lion JULY 23—AUGUST 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, orange. Lucky gambling colors, orange, red. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck lies in a hidden place.</p>	<p>★ Your job can be accomplished quickly and easily if you can face it with interest and enthusiasm, but if you are bored with it you'll be behind in your work.</p>	<p>★ If you've been disappointed recently in regard to a plan on which you had set your heart, take it in your stride, for it may have been a lucky escape.</p>	<p>★ If your influence is being undermined and efforts nullified by a person who refuses to co-operate with your group, turn to cold shoulder and leave him alone.</p>
<p><b>VIRGO</b> The Virgin AUGUST 23—SEPTEMBER 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Lucky gambling colors, mauve and green. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck through the opposite sex.</p>	<p>★ A really happy week with most things turning out as you had hoped. A number of projects rather up in the clouds will take definite form along the lines you desire.</p>	<p>★ All the family can be depended upon to rally around and help a member of the household who may be ill, going on an unexpected journey or starting new work.</p>	<p>★ A special invitation could make your heart beat faster. You may have doubts if you're included and it opens the gate to a new world. Find out what it's all about.</p>
<p><b>LIBRA</b> The Balance SEPTEMBER 23—OCTOBER 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, off-white. Lucky gambling colors, cream, blue. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Savings will lead to your luck.</p>	<p>★ You'll be a demon for getting things done. You'll drive yourself hard and those around you may protest at the pace, but they'll be carried away by your enthusiasm.</p>	<p>★ After all, the house could run itself for a few days while you are busy elsewhere, perhaps as a voluntary helper. Getting out will give morale a boost.</p>	<p>★ A considerable amount of time may be taken up in visiting an elderly or sick person. This need not be anyone you know well, but you may do it on request.</p>
<p><b>SCORPIO</b> The Scorpion OCTOBER 23—NOVEMBER 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Lucky gambling colors, green, red. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. You'll attract luck like a magnet.</p>	<p>★ Whatever you want to do is easy whatever you hate to do is hard, but that iron will of yours may land you where you never dreamed of being. Luck is with you.</p>	<p>★ If a parent, there will be plenty of youngsters coming and going. Possibly a party, or if there are teenagers, a new machine. Otherwise, an exciting gift.</p>	<p>★ Although popularity was once higher and you at the top of your form, you may hesitate to volunteer because you are afraid people will think you want the stage.</p>
<p><b>SAGITTARIUS</b> The Archer NOVEMBER 23—DECEMBER 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, violet. Lucky gambling colors, purple, gold. Lucky days, Wednesday, Thursday. Luck in closing a door, opening one.</p>	<p>★ Don't forget, if you are a housewife, that your job pays dividends perhaps not in cash, but in love and appreciation, which are just as precious.</p>	<p>★ During the next fortnight you are under kindly stars if you are househunting, giving your home a facelift or upholstering furniture. After all, stay put.</p>	<p>★ Nervous tension can be lessened only by giving yourself a break. Those who look to you with solicitude to be the life of the party may find you tired.</p>
<p><b>CAPRICORN</b> The Goat DECEMBER 23—JANUARY 19</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, black. Lucky gambling colors, black and white. Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday. Your luck lies on a busy corner.</p>	<p>★ You have ambition in the finer sense. You do not shun responsibility. You may be put in charge of a certain task, a small group of people, or others rely on you.</p>	<p>★ Day-long trips to town, paying off odd social debts, chasing after a difficult-to-find domestic item, you are unlikely to accomplish more than absolute essentials.</p>	<p>★ Many things attempted and few brought to a conclusion. See jump from one matter to the next and lack concentration, but new slick to one single target.</p>
<p><b>AQUARIUS</b> The Waterbearer JANUARY 20—FEBRUARY 19</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, rainbow colors. Lucky gambling colors, cream, grey. Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday. Your luck lies in a contract.</p>	<p>★ Be sure you understand what is required of you. Vague thinking could lead you into trouble. In business matters, take nothing for granted.</p>	<p>★ Any dealings in property will be to your advantage. Investment in houses or land should turn out exceptionally well. The savings campaign brings grat to the mill.</p>	<p>★ Dues or other costs in connection with a club to which you belong may be heavier than you anticipated or the expensive ideas of fellow members create problems.</p>
<p><b>PISCES</b> The Fish FEBRUARY 20—MARCH 20</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, blue. Lucky gambling colors, blue, purple. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck in a magnetic personality.</p>	<p>★ An unwillingness to say what you really think could work havoc with your personal affairs. Whether you like it or not, people have a right to know where you stand.</p>	<p>★ You have the final say this week in regard to home affairs and since much depends upon your judgment, do not leap in without facing the consequences.</p>	<p>★ A tower of strength in your own need, you may be called upon to perform the impossible, yet make a modest success of it. However, watch for suitable helpers.</p>

## "We both had the last say AND CHOSE THE AUSTIN A30"



**AUSTIN A30, 4-DOOR SALOON**  
The number one economy car and the number one quality car of the low-priced field. £659 plus sales tax (slightly higher in some States).



AC 275 HP.



**AUSTIN**  
—you can depend on it!

Sold and serviced by authorised  
Austin Distributors and Dealers throughout Australia.

THE AUSTIN MOTOR COMPANY (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LTD., A UNIT OF THE BRITISH MOTOR CORPORATION (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LTD.



### What she saw in the Austin A30

She saw a car with a trim, smart line. And a surprising roominess. A back seat more than large enough for their three children. A boot planned for family luggage. Foam rubber cushioning. Safety glass windows all round. And a wide selection of colours.

Its comfort delighted her. Such a practical car, too. Simple to drive. Manoeuvrable. Nifty in traffic and easy to park. Just right for running round town on shopping expeditions.

### What he saw in the Austin A30

He saw just what he wanted in a car, at a price that was right for his bank balance. A light car with many big-car advantages: independent front suspension; O.H.V. engine; up-to-the-minute refinements. A deep windscreen and down-tapered wings to give him a splendid forward view.

He liked its behaviour on the open highway. Speeding at 60. Cruising steadily at 50. He liked the way it held the road, the mastery cornering, the ease with which the springing smoothed out bumps.

### Why the A30 is a bargain car

They were both more than satisfied with its economy. Their A30 does up to 45 miles to the gallon. And at £659 plus sales tax, it is today's number one economy car, a lot lower in price than any other comparable 4-door saloon.

Their A30 has, too, the greatest Austin asset of all—dependability. There are years of money-saving motoring built into that A30. Into every A30. Into every Austin.



# Johnnie's on the way back, girls!

**T**OP box-office entertainer Johnnie Ray is on his way from America to pay another visit to Australia.

The report that "cry" crooner Johnnie Ray (photographed on this page in a serious mood) is bringing a new act with him for a short season is sure to delight all his loyal fans.

Clever showmanship and a crowd-rousing personality made him the most popular overseas entertainer ever to visit this country.

The present season will be his third in less than 18 months. He is due in Sydney on March 4.

One of that early coterie of "Hollywood invaders," Johnnie Ray first hit the jackpot personally and financially with sensational stage appearances in 1954.

He came back again in March, 1955, to a barrage of adulation.

His show opens in Sydney on March 6, then goes to Melbourne, Brisbane, and Perth.





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**PAN AMERICAN**

# Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

### ★★★ Marty

ONE of the most modest  
films to come out of  
Hollywood, "Marty," an  
international prizewinner and  
United Artists release, is  
thoroughly enjoyable entertainment.

Set in lower New York with  
its garish dance halls,  
crowded bars, and bustling  
thoroughfares, the story (it's not  
without moments of strain) is  
a simple human drama laced  
with rueful sympathy for  
people and their relationships.

It spotlights Marty, a pudgy  
butcher (Ernest Borgnine),  
and Clara, a wallflower  
schoolteacher (Betsy Blair).

Borgnine brings matter-of-  
fact sincerity to the title role  
of the good-natured, 34-year-  
old Italian-American butcher  
who is too shy to get a girl of  
his own until Clara comes  
along.

Clara, equally neglected by  
the opposite sex, is just as  
lonely as Marty. But neither  
his mother (Esther Minciotti)  
nor Marty's critical bachelor

friends are altogether pleased  
about his choice of a plain, in-  
telligent woman, who is not  
so young at that.

Outstanding among the good  
small-part and bit players who  
crowd the screen is Joe  
Mantell, who plays Angie,  
Marty's best friend. Angie is  
rather an angry character, but  
he's good for a lot of laughs.  
In Sydney—Esquire.

THROUGH the tired eyes of  
Hollywood's ace candid  
cameraman, now visiting Brit-  
tain to snap its stars, comes  
this new view of a famous  
filmfare beauty.

Said 40-year-old Sam Shaw,  
who took the much-publicised  
picture of Marilyn Monroe  
with her skirt blowing around  
her ears in "The Seven Year  
Itch," "Marilyn has an ugly  
rounded tip to the end of her  
nose, her legs are not good,  
she is lumpy—yet she's won-  
derful! Those stray, 'un-  
heard-of' shots of her at premi-  
eres and getting out of taxis—  
she practises them for hours  
before a mirror."

## CITY FILM GUIDE

### Films reviewed

**CENTURY.**—★★ "East of Eden," color CinemaScope  
period melodrama, starring James Dean, Julie Harris,  
Raymond Massey. Plus featurettes.

**ESQUIRE.**—★★★ "Marty," comedy-drama, starring  
Ernest Borgnine, Betsy Blair. (See review this page.)  
Plus featurettes.

**LIBERTY.**—★★ "Camille," romantic drama, starring Greta  
Garbo, Robert Taylor. (Re-release, review unavailable.)  
Plus featurettes.

**LYRIC.**—★★ "The Unafraid," suspense drama, starring Burt  
Lancaster, Joan Fontaine. Plus "Johnny Stoolpigeon,"  
crime melodrama, starring Dan Duryea, Shelley Win-  
ters. (Both re-releases, reviews unavailable.)

**MAYFAIR.**—★★★ "The Seven Year Itch," De Luxe color  
CinemaScope comedy, starring Tom Ewell, Marilyn  
Monroe. Plus featurettes.

**PALACE.**—★ "New York Confidential," crime melodrama,  
starring Broderick Crawford, Richard Conte, Anne Ban-  
croft. Plus ★ "Cattletown," Western, starring Dennis  
Morgan, Phil Carey, Rita Moreno. (Re-release.)

**PARIS.**—★★★ "Shoe Shine," Italian drama with English  
sub-titles, starring Rinaldo Smordani, Franco Interlenghi.  
(Re-release.) Plus featurettes.

**PLAZA.**—★ "House of Bamboo," color CinemaScope crime  
drama, starring Robert Stack, Robert Ryan, Shirley  
Yamaguchi. Plus featurettes.

**PRINCE EDWARD.**—★★ "To Catch A Thief," color  
VistaVision romantic thriller, starring Grace Kelly, Cary  
Grant. Plus featurettes.

**REGENT.**—★★ "The Rains of Ranchipur," color Cinema-  
Scope drama, starring Lana Turner, Richard Burton,  
Fred MacMurray. Plus featurettes.

**SAVOY.**—★★★ "The Baker's Wife," French-language  
comedy, starring Raimu, Ginette Leclerc. (Re-release.)  
Plus featurettes.

**STATE.**—★★ "The Benny Goodman Story," musical biog-  
raphy in color, starring Steve Allen, Donna Reed. Plus  
★ "Red Sundown," technicolor outdoor adventure,  
starring Rory Calhoun, Martha Meyer, Dean Jagger.

**VICTORY.**—★★ "Forbidden Cargo," mystery drama, star-  
ring Nigel Patrick, Elizabeth Sellers, Terence Morgan.  
Plus "Three Steps to the Gallows," action drama, star-  
ring Scott Brady, Mary Castle.

### Not yet reviewed

**CAPITOL.**—"The Second Greatest Sex," color Cinema-  
Scope musical comedy, starring Jeanne Crain, George  
Nader. Plus "Cult of the Cobra," mystery, starring  
Faith Domergue, Richard Long.

**EMBASSY.**—"The Man Who Loved Redheads," color  
comedy, starring Moira Shearer, John Justin, Roland  
Culver. Plus featurettes.

**PALLADIUM.**—"Blue Blood," Cinecolor race drama,  
starring Bill Williams, Jane Nigh. Plus "The Gangster,"  
crime melodrama, starring Barry Sullivan, Belita, Joan  
Loring. (Re-release, review unavailable.)

**ST. JAMES.**—"Forever Darling," Eastmancolor comedy,  
starring Lucille Ball, Desi Arnaz, James Mason. Plus  
featurettes.

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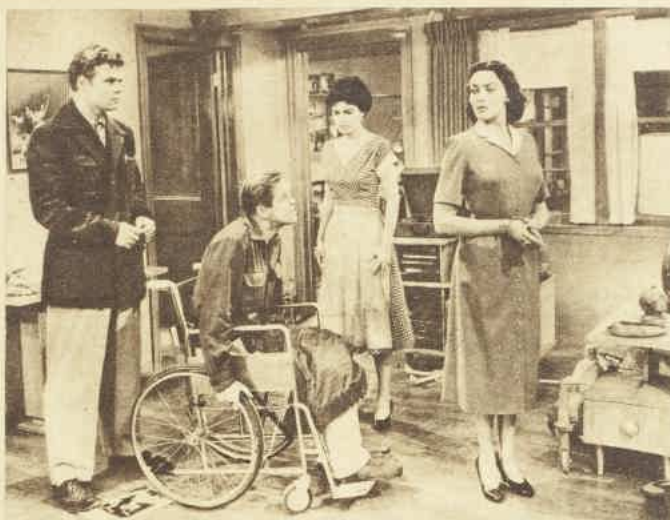


# Drama of family life

★ R.K.O.'s color drama "This Is My Love" is set in a household where troubled human emotions are in constant danger of exploding.

Its members are Murray and Evelyn Myer (played by Dan Duryea and Faith Domergue), a couple made bitter and distrustful by adversity, and Evelyn's frustrated older sister, Vida (Linda Darnell). Vida poses as a martyr to Evelyn's tragic marriage.

Jealousy and suspicion, aroused by the sisters' interest in another man (Rick Jason), are complications that contribute to the film's violent climax.



**1 BICKERING** disrupts family life of Murray Myer (Dan Duryea), the paralysed owner of a restaurant operated by his unhappy wife, Evelyn (Faith Domergue), centre, and sister-in-law, Vida (Linda Darnell). Vida's fiancé, Eddie (Hal Baylor), looks on. Vida lives in a dream world by trying to write fiction.



**2 NEWCOMER** Glenn Harris (Rick Jason) makes a hit with Vida, who sees in him the man of her dreams. But to Glenn she is just another girl.



**3 INTRODUCED** by Vida at the restaurant, Glenn and Evelyn fall in love at first sight. Vida is horrified and madly jealous. She deliberately sets out to kindle Murray's suspicions without revealing Glenn's name.



**4 DESPERATE** plea with her sister to drop the affair is of no avail. Dressing for an outing with Glenn, Evelyn leaves the house—and Murray—to the mercy of jealous Vida.



**6 SHOCKED** by the death of her husband, Evelyn is arrested when Vida subtly implicates her. At last Vida has the material for a real story, for she knows how poison got into the medicine bottle.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 7, 1956

**5 TAUNTS** by Murray about her inability to keep an admirer drive Vida to indicate that Glenn is the other man. When his rage brings on an attack, Murray accepts Vida's offer of an injection of his medicine.



**7 ANTICIPATING** a reunion with Glenn, Vida's story-book mind is forced back to reality by his vow to wait for Evelyn. Understanding comes at last and Vida turns towards the police station.



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★ Mash hard-boiled eggs, moisten with mayonnaise and flavour with salt, pepper, grated onion, mixed Keen's Mustard and a few drops of Worcestershire sauce.

★ Grate sharp cheese and blend with mixed Keen's Mustard and combine with chopped stuffed olives.

★ Mince cold cooked lamb and flavour with chopped onion, mixed Keen's Mustard, grated onion, salt and pepper. Moisten with thick brown gravy or white sauce.

★ Combine 1/2-lb. grated cheese, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 teaspoon Keen's Mustard, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1/2 cup milk, salt and pepper. Stir over boiling water until it thickens. Add 1/2 cup chopped cooked bacon and use cold... at your next party spread.

Original recipes prepared for Keen's by Home Economist, Janet Blair

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - March 7, 1936



most unhappily, there was no meeting of minds, an essential requisite of a good marriage. He had studied enough psychology to know about that.

There seemed to be a certain shallow sentimentality in Annabelle's make-up that was incomprehensible to Peter. And if he found her unreasonably sympathetic, by the same token he found her must consider him quite heartless.

He sighed. At once she came to his desk, looking pretty and young and eager. "Do you want me, Mr. Howard?"

He shuffled through the papers on his desk. "There's a letter or two to be answered."

She sat in the chair beside his desk, a pencil held above a notebook. "She didn't exactly know shorthand, but both of them were willing to pretend that she did. Peter always dictated quite slowly. He needed the time to arrange his thoughts, anyhow. Annabelle industriously scribbled over the page."

When he came to sign the letters, their wording had usually undergone some change, but since it was a definite improvement he never commented.

Today he began his letter, a rather routine reply to a query from a dental-supply house. He felt rather than said that Annabelle's attention was fixed on him rather than on her notebook.

"Mr. Howard," she said in her slow, lilting voice, "I'd like to speak to the laundry about your shirts. Really, I would."

"My shirts?" "It's awful the way they do those collars."

He fingered one of the points. "I don't—"

"Not there," she said. "On the other side." She leaned forward and her cheek brushed his sleeve. He leaped to his feet as if he'd been burned.

It was only with Annabelle at a distance of several feet that he could keep the warnings of his psychology professor fixed in his mind.

"About time for my next appointment, isn't it?"

Continuing . . .

Annabelle consulted the book. "In ten minutes, Mr. Sayers is coming in then."

Peter nodded and made a critical survey of the surgery. Mr. Sayers had never been here before. He wanted the first impression to be a good one.

Although he and Mr. Sayers were the only dentists in the town, it was flattering to have the older man come to him.

Annabelle still held the book open; her eyes were pensive. "Mr. Sayers is such a fine man," she said. "Isn't it a shame he has to have trouble with his teeth?"

An appalling image came to Peter's mind—Annabelle, cooing and fussing over the elderly and distinguished Mr. Sayers. Offering to hold his hand perhaps. Peter snatched two cheques from the desk.

"These came in the post," he said to Annabelle. "Take them to the bank, please, and you needn't hurry back."

Five minutes later Mr. Sayers, white-haired, pink-faced and rotund, came in. "Nice of you to give me this

## Just Hold My Hand

from page 3

check-up," he said, and clambered into the chair.

"Glad to do it," Peter said. In his most professional manner he made the examination and noted the work to be done on a file card.

Mr. Sayers peered over his shoulder. "Two cavities—I more or less suspected it." He wandered around the surgery. "Nice place you have. You young fellows start with the latest equipment. You should have seen the junk I had when I began."

He patted Peter on the shoulder. "Good of you to see me today." He smiled. "How about letting me return the favor?"

"What?" Peter asked, not understanding at first. "Oh, no, thank you. It isn't necessary."

"Of course," Mr. Sayers nodded. "You probably have your own dentist!"

"It isn't that," Peter said. "It's just that my teeth are quite perfect."

"Really? You mean you've

never had any work done on them at all?"

"None at all," Peter said, feeling foolishly proud.

"That's very interesting. Mind if I have a look?"

"Certainly." Peter hopped into the chair and confidently opened his mouth.

There was a short silence. Mr. Sayers was having a good look. He reached the table for a mirror. "Aha!" he said so loudly that Peter jumped.

Mr. Sayers grinned down at him. "Cavity in the upper left bicuspid," he reported.

"You're joking!"

"No, it's there, all right. If you want me to, I can fix it up right away."

Peter looked at him. "No, not now. Not here. I mean—"

Carefully Mr. Sayers laid down the mirror. "Well, come to my office when you have time. I would rather use my own equipment, anyway."

Peter feared he had offended the older man. He managed a laugh. "That's a ridiculous idea. I simply don't want to take up your time."

"Quite all right," Mr. Sayers assured him. "I'm taking the morning off. Lots of time." He whistled as he gathered up a handful of instruments. Peter watched him in silence. Mr. Sayers seemed unnecessarily jaunty.

"Now just open your mouth. Wider. Wider. There, that's it." Mr. Sayers' hands were enormous. They filled Peter's mouth and blocked his vision. The probe moved about inside his mouth. He gulped a little. He had an odd sensation of being suffocated.

He heard the whine of a motor. It must be his own drill, although it had never sounded menacing like that before. It was in his mouth now.

The whizzing burr made contact with the tooth. An icy finger crawled between Peter's shoulder-blades, chilling his spine. He had never experienced such a feeling.

Something was dreadfully

wrong. He signalled to Mr. Sayers, waving his hands about and mumbling around a mouthful of fingers and instruments.

It seemed to him Mr. Sayers was very deliberate about removing the drill. "Well?" he said.

"We'll have to wait," Peter said, breathing rapidly. "We'll have to wait—until Miss Claridge is back—to take charge of the office!"

Mr. Sayers glanced out into the empty reception room. "I think we could manage by ourselves," he said, "but, very well. We'll wait."

They waited. Little puddles of perspiration formed on the chair arms under Peter's hands.

Then Annabelle came in. When she saw Peter in the chair her lips parted and her eyes widened. She fairly flew to his side.

"Is your old tooth playing up? Why, what a shame!" Her voice caressed and comforted. She smiled like flowers—geraniums, perhaps.

She touched his arm and for

the second time in the last few minutes his spine tingled. But this was a different kind of tingling. He surrendered himself to this new delightful sensation.

"I'll stand here beside you, Peter, and if that old drill hurts you just squeeze my hand good and hard."

Peter didn't wait until it hurt. He took a firm hold on her small hand as if he would never let it go. He felt remorse along with elation. How he had misjudged Annabelle. How could he have been so stupid as to have confused silly sentiment with true womanly compassion?

Even though the shining drill once more approached, Peter smiled bravely, sustained by the sympathy in Annabelle's gentle eyes.

Perhaps—he dared hope—there was even more than sympathy, for he had never known her to stand quite so close to the chair and certainly never before had she tenderly patted a patient's cheek.

(Copyright)

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



Continuing . . .

## Venus And The Ladies

from page 9

woman in the place. It's a veritable Shangri-la."

They whipped out their compact and made a hasty final touch. If perhaps they used a trifle extra rouge, or maybe arched that line of lipstick a little bolder than before, then who can blame them?

Janice Starr threw open the cabin door and lowered the emergency steps. One by one the Marion ladies tripped forth and advanced upon the reception committee. The men recoiled in alarm. One of them, taller and of even more distinguished men, performed a clever evasive action around the advancing ladies and confronted Captain Anklemman. He spoke English with barely an accent.

"Where are the scientists?" he demanded. "And who are these women?"

"I don't know about the scientists," replied Anklemman calmly, "but this is Flight 07021B—London Airport to Nice. It seems we're a little off track."

"It cannot be so," said the other. "We expressly selected this ship, and secured her on a cosmic beam. Our scouts"—he pointed towards a small flying disc—"located the craft and signalled us two days ago. It was our intention to interrogate the scientists and discover your present space knowledge."

"Well, that's hard luck," replied Anklemman. "But I can

assure you my passengers know nothing of space flight, and wouldn't know a rocket if they saw one."

"Your passengers! What word is that?"

Captain Anklemman pointed towards the women, who by now were scattered over the landing ground in pursuit of the reception committee.

"Jupiter!" ejaculated the other. "You must take them away. On this island, set in the Sea of Neb, which is the largest ocean on Venus, we are all men of science. There are no women allowed. If we had the distraction of women around us, then our skill at science would go pouff. It is the law. And a very sensible one too," he added as an afterthought.

The Venusian glanced over his shoulder and what he saw appalled him. Of his men of science only one was visible, and he was being pursued by a new and determined Miss Templestomer.

"You see," he cried excitedly. "What did I tell you." He rushed away and began to toll a deep and sonorous bell, and one by one the enchanted Venusians returned, all except one young man who sat with Agatha Pennyboddy in a coral grotto and gazed wondrously into her eyes.

When they were all assembled, the Venusian leader surveyed the gathering.

"I apologise with great sin-

cerity," he said, "for interfering with your legitimate journey. We have made a slight error, but we can remedy that. We brought you here and likewise can send you back."

He smiled benignly upon all. "Let us drink a toast," he said, and to suit the words produced a glittering crystal flagon and delicate goblets to match.

Each one took a sip and then the Venusian laughed.

"When you reach your earth," he said, "you will remember none of this—as though it had never happened. I am sorry to trick you, but, believe me, the drink was harmless otherwise."

They climbed back into their aircraft and all disappeared through the wide cabin door; all that is, except Agatha Pennyboddy, who, seeing their sudden departure move, broke regretfully from her lover's arms and climbed unobserved through an open cockpit window.

They landed at Nice precisely on scheduled time, and as Captain Anklemman had expected. It had seemed an entirely uneventful trip.

Janice Starr was perhaps a little puzzled at the large pile of empty beer cans on the pantry floor. And the tremendous hole in her coffee stocks looked alarming. She supposed she'd have trouble with that in

her report. And Sandy put the aircraft u/s pending investigation for excessive fuel consumption on the starboard outer.

Only Agatha Pennyboddy knew the real answers.

She concluded her story with another long and audible sigh. It was getting late and the ladies of Marston neath the Willow, perchance a little wistful now, went silently home.

Maria Templestomer walked rather more slowly than she did on such occasions. And her step, if anything, seemed a trifle lighter, while the long drive path from the lodge gates to the School House seemed just for once to be paved with gold.

The historic old building stood shrouded in darkness when she saw it, but beyond the roof and all around there lay another world, it seemed. She left the path and walked slowly across the lawn; and only then was she aware of the fatal chink in her armor.

A tear rolled down her cheek and fell into the dew at her feet, and she raised her head and gazed long into the sky and searched eagerly among the stars.

"Perhaps it was true," she murmured very softly. "I wonder if I really caught him?" And she squared her shoulders and strode on into the night.

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# Copy Holder's

The sheath frock takes a supple stole and becomes a costume—often replacing the suit.



● Burnt-sugar front-buttoned sheath frock (above) from Dior is shown (left) with a hem-length fringed stole in matching color and material. The stole is finished with large pockets. The frock is front-buttoned, has important revers and wide neckline.



● Dior's cattan coat (above) with its slit skirt-line has a similarity to the same designer's stole-silhouette (left). The bosom is high and the long waist-line smooth. A brown fur toque and matching fur tie complete the ensemble.



# Paris Notes



● Sheath frock (top above) by Dior has a high neckline finished with a small turtle collar. The frock is also shown (above) with a voluminous matching stole. The stole buttons with a double-breasted fastening to give the appearance of a coat.



● Slender, violet wool frock (top above) from Dior has a V-shaped section of material designed to mould the lines of the body. The shawl-shaped stole (right) is enveloping.



● The voluminous shawl-line is also seen in the collar of Givenchy's slender top-coat (right). The collar can be worn as shown or as a large cape.



Corothen Johnston



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but her spirit was strong and steady. She took one look at Paul's drawn face and then put her arms about him as though he were a son.

"Poor boy," she said, "tell me everything. It will help you."

"But I'm afraid of doing you harm. I've done too much already."

"Dear Paul," she said quietly, "the human soul, by once suffering as much as it is capable of, purchases a strange and terrible immunity to all the rest of life's sorrows. This came to me when my daughter died. Now it is not that I cannot know grief again. I do. At the moment I'm overwhelmed by it. But it is relative to a so much greater one that it is endurable. It is bearable. You can't hurt me by telling me the whole story of what happened that night."

So he told her, omitting nothing. Sometimes she asked a pertinent question, sometimes she said sadly, "I suspected this," or "I was afraid

"So you see," Paul ended miserably, "there is no doubt that I really caused his death, and while I didn't tell Anne everything I think she feels this. Coupled with her frightful sorrow, it has made her withdraw from everything. Even our love," he added, half under his breath.

She sat, thinking.

"I've been putting myself in your place," she said at last. "You can't help feeling this way now when your emotions are so shaken. But later on you will see it all in true perspective. The condition was there. The situation which you could not continue to ignore was not of your making. Poor Jimmy, dear Jimmy, for I truly loved him, was his own enemy. You must not blame yourself, Paul, and when a little time passes Anne won't either. Just now she is stunned, crushed. Be patient with her, Paul. Be very gentle. She has had too much for a young heart to bear in a short space of time."

"I know," Paul said. "I re-

## Continuing . . . The Golden Journey

from page 5

alise that better than you might believe. She's been almost too brave up to this. I don't want her to break now. And I don't want her to shut me out."

"Just let her feel your love, but don't press it on her. A woman's heart and her body are very sensitively attuned to each other. Let her rest in her withdrawal for a little. She will come back to you."

"I will," Paul said, his face coloring a little, "and thank you for everything. I do feel better already and not so lost about Anne. When the funeral's over I want her to come here, alone, to see you. You'll do her good. Maybe you can even put in a word for me," he added, trying to smile.

She kissed him again when he got up to go.

"And your campaign?" she asked. "Will this change much in regard to it?"

"Time will tell," he said soberly. "The biggest change is in me. I've never thought of myself in the role of reformer before. I think I've just been a sort of selfishly ambitious person. But now, with all restraint lifted . . . There are some things I'd like to put my hand to."

"God bless you," she said.

Once again the drawing-room was empty, as was Kirkland's own room, as indeed was the whole house. Empty of the step of the master, and of the strong, virile, dominant personality which had filled it. It was strange, Paul mused each time he re-entered, that instead of feeling now more in possession, he felt more the stranger, more the interloper. Each time as he paused at the foot of the staircase watching its delicate curving, unsubstantial beauty, he was overcome by the feeling that he was in another man's home. Not his own. Ah, sadly not his own. And adding to this feeling was Anne's continued attitude of estrangement, or at least of withdrawal.

Her white face that even in a week's time looked thin

struck him daily with anxiety. Against her loss he felt his own efforts to comfort her were impotent. Between them in the evenings words sounded forced and silences dragged heavily. Then at the end Paul would kiss her gently and go to his dressing-room.

Once wondering, hoping, he said hesitantly, "Would you rather I stayed here, dear?" But she had answered, "I think not yet," and the next week, too, had passed.

In the office Paul had turned to Hartwell. "There is no reason now why you should not tell me all you know."

"It was hard for me before, Paul. I'm fond of you, as you

There is only one thing people like that is good for them: a good night's sleep.

—Ed Howe

know, and I've grown very fond of Anne. And in a curious way that surprised me, since I've been going out to the house I had come to like Kirkland himself. So I kept quiet about many things. Now, for instance, this water resource problem that you've been letting yourself go about in your speeches. You've been perfectly honest about that, I'm sure."

"I certainly have."

"What you didn't see was Kirkland's angle to all that. If he could have gotten that reservoir put through he would at once have bought in land all around it cheap. There would be in that case water mains, pumping stations, oh, a dozen related projects from which he would draw his graft."

Paul groaned. "Is there no honesty, no integrity left for me to stand on?"

Yes," Hartwell said gravely. "Your own."

Brennen came to see Paul soon. He was broken up. He had been very close to Kirkland personally, but in addition he, like many others, had felt his fortunes were linked with those of the Boss. Now the king was dead and who was to succeed him? He presented all this to Paul one day at lunch, asking him if he would join a small group of leaders the next week to talk things over.

"I've been down to see the Governor already. He's pretty cut up. Of course Jimmy put him where he is and would have kept him there likely for another term at least. But every party man at the capital is upset. The boys did anything Jimmy asked them, for he did everything for them. He's the one they'd go to if they wanted a place on the committee. Jimmy would give the word and it was done. If a man wanted a high post, say to the speakership of the house, he'd go to Jimmy. So you see when Jimmy backed a bill, by golly, they passed it."

Brennen's face was a mixture of admiration and real grief. "I have the votes," Jimmy always said, "and I elect my man."

Paul's own countenance was set. "Tell me more," he said. "This is news to me."

"Is it really? Well, I guess there's a lot you can learn from him. Nothing ever seemed to stump him. I remember one time there was a big fight on and it looked as though we hadn't a chance. Jimmy suddenly got one of his lobbyists to hand out fifty-dollar bills in the men's washroom! Turned the trick all right. Yes, sir, he always had the answers."

"And I suppose the money came from Camponelli and his ilk?"

"Oh, could be. C. wielded a pretty big stick now. You have to play along with him but the dough's useful. Jimmy knew how to handle him. That's

To page 50

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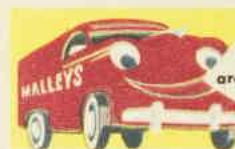
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Continuing

one big problem now. We've got to have someone else who can manage that end of things. Touchy business involved, you know.

"What about Arno?"

"Oh, well, he did the contacts for Jimmy but he has his limitations as far as our present need is concerned. We'll probably still use him though. He's smart and then he knows too much. Well, could you join us to sort of plan out your next week's schedule? Say, this coming Tuesday?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Well, we could make it Wednesday. I'll get in touch with the others at once."

"I'm sorry, but I couldn't join you Wednesday either."

Something in the tone made Brennan eye him keenly.

"Look here," he said, "are you trying to say you won't meet with us at all?"

"I guess that's it."

Brennan looked more puzzled than angered. "But I don't get it!" he said. "What's wrong? You're in this campaign up to your neck. We're all pulling for you. Now that the Chief's gone you've got to depend on the rest of us for a lot of things. These men I'm getting together know all the ropes. They'll steer you straight. We all feel you're a comer. We want to back you, but you've got to play ball with us, naturally. What do you say?"

"I'm sorry," Paul said slowly, "and I'm certainly not lacking in appreciation of all you've done for me. But I've got to think things out for myself. I'm not going to follow in Kirkland's footsteps. In general policy, I mean."

Brennan's face was not only anxious but angered now as well.

"I don't get this at all. Here, we've been counting on you. Half a dozen men have said to me since Jimmy's death. 'Well, thank goodness we've got young Devereux. He'll bolster up the party in the State. He's going far. That's what they all said. And now you lay down on us. You practically quit us. What do you propose to do?'"

Paul said quietly: "I'm not sure myself. But I'm afraid it won't be what you expect of me."

Brennan made an obvious effort to control his temper. He parted from Paul as from a wayward and misguided youth who was going through a troublesome period but would yet be brought to reason.

"After all," he said in parting, "no one's asking you to step into Jimmy's shoes. Nobody can fill them. Just keep on as you've been doing. Forget the meeting next week. After all you've been pretty hard hit—your father-in-law. That will make it easier to explain to the rest if you aren't there. Just take it easy for the present. Forget a lot of what I said if you didn't like it. Maybe I shot off my mouth too much. Well, I'll be seeing you soon again."

There was great relief to Paul now in talking everything over with Hartwell. From this point on he need hide nothing, and the reactions and advice of the old man helped his own inchoate thoughts to take form. For there was still a disturbing conflict about them. While on the one hand he felt a revulsion to the whole machine as Kirkland had manipulated it, on the other he felt a new and even stronger pull towards the political scene itself.

When he reached the house that evening Hackett greeted him with a faint attempt at a smile. "She's in the library. Mr. Paul."

Paul felt his heart thudding in his breast, for Anne had kept to the seclusion of the second floor night and day since the

## The Golden Journey

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funeral. He hurried back along the wide hall, and paused for a moment in the library doorway as he had done that first evening he had met her.

She was sitting on a sofa facing him, only now she looked up at once. She was wearing yellow, his favorite color, and her white face lightened as he came near her. He sank down beside her and kissed her gently, holding himself in check.

"Darling," he said, "is it—are you feeling better?"

She relaxed against him and as he drew her closer he felt again the sweetness of her yielding body.

"A little," she said. "Most of all I suddenly felt how selfish I was being to you. But thank you, oh, thank you for being so understanding. It's just as though I had been very, very sick and was still weak and bruised, but able to sit up for the first time. That kind of feeling. As though—she smiled a little—"this is mixing up the metaphors badly, but it's as if I'd been away in a far, desolate country and now at last had my face turned towards home. A little like that."

"Thank God," he said.

"I've a long way to go and I'll have many bad relapses, I suppose."

"Time will."

"Oh, don't say that," she said, drawing away from him. "I've heard nothing but that in all the would-be consoling notes that have poured in. Time will heal. Time will bring its own comfort. Time will help. I hate the word. It's as though time were going to steal Jimmy from me completely. I can't bear it!"

"You have it all wrong, dear," Paul said quietly. "Time doesn't alter our love. It only makes the sorrow bearable. It gradually pushes down the bitterness of the grief and allows the happy memories to come to the surface. It's a blessed thing, really, time."

She leaned slowly back again against him. "Go on, Paul, talk to me some more. It helps. Please go on."

He talked on, smoothing her hair with tender fingers. At his suggestion they had dinner there, and then sat, still talking of many things, most of them unrelated to the past two weeks.

It was late when they went upstairs. They spent some time in the nursery, the little young growing life breathing to them of the hope and the sure gladness of the future; then at last when their own room was entangled in darkness, they lay once more in each other's arms.

The days since the news of Kirkland's death had been strange ones in the inner offices of the Company. While Sayles herself still looked sober and bewildered, it was Arno who was the more affected. There had been between the two men a bond stronger than that of patron and protégé or employee and employer; there had been a sort of rough affection, an understanding possible only between two natures essentially alike.

The shock to Arno had been devastating. His world, so long now established and secure, had been rocked beneath him. His sense of personal loss was irremediably deep. He went about the management of Kirkland's affairs with efficiency and dispatch as usual but his throat still felt tight with an emotion he had never known before.

He and Sayles had both gone to the service in the big drawing-room, for once together, according to Sayles' futile dream, Arno had strained his eyes to catch a

glimpse of Anne's face through the opened door to a room beyond; but all he could see was her arm and Paul's face bending protectively towards her.

The sight of this had added the final bitterness to Arno's heart. In the cab which had borne them back to the office he and Sayles rode without speaking, since his set lips had warned her to keep silence. She broke it but once.

"Arno," she said, "did he—I mean did you get, did he ever give you something before? You know, stock or money or something?"

Arno nodded.

She sighed. "He did to me, too. And he helped me invest it. I'm sort of glad he did it like that. We don't have to wait and wonder now whether he remembered us in his will. Don't you think it's better this way?"

Arno did not reply, only kept staring out the window. But he

agreed with Sayles. The Chief had explained that he preferred to make his gifts and bequests before his death. Maybe he hadn't wanted them to have anything afterward to make them glad for his death. Even a little bit glad. Not that he would have been, but the Chief might have thought. This way was better. No lawless running through your head, in spite of you, about a bequest.

So on the Thursday morning two weeks after the funeral he was the more surprised at a visit from Mr. Briggs, Kirkland's lawyer. The latter did not leave him to wonder long.

"Mr. Mallotte, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

Attached to Mr. Kirkland's will was this sealed envelope addressed to you and the instructions to me to deliver it to you in person at the time specified. I hereby give it into your hand."

He passed him the letter.

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Arno looked at it dully. "Thanks," he stammered. "Will you sit down?"

"No, I must be going. I know this has all been a great shock to you as to all of us. He depended greatly on you. Well, I'll be in later of course when some decisions will have to be made in regard to the coal company. I am, as you may know, the executor."

"Yes," said Arno thickly. "So, I'll say goodbye for the present."

When he was gone, Arno sat down at Kirkland's great desk. He had been working here for the past week, partly to keep from under Savley's prying eyes and partly because being here seemed to bring the Chief closer. He looked at the letter, turning it slowly in his hands. It was so tangible, so objective, yet his name written strongly across it in the Chief's hand sent a small shiver up his spine.

At last he carefully slit the envelope and drew out the single sheet it contained.

Dear Arno: (he read)

It seems pretty queer to be writing what will seem to you a posthumous note, if you ever get it. And yet we have to take account of what comes to all. As you know I am the only one who has the combination to my office safe. I will write it down here. If I get blown away at any time I want you to open the safe and go through the papers. Take out those you know I wouldn't want to have fall into anyone else's hands. You'll know the ones I mean. Destroy them at once, then give Briggs the combination and let him go at it. He's executor. Thanks, Arno, and good luck.

The familiar initials ended it. Below was printed carefully the combination.

Arno sat very still, reading over and over the short message. The date was seven years ago. Anne would have been only sixteen then. That was the year he had first seen her, when she came into the office, her cheeks all flushed, and her gold hair curling on her shoulders.

"Is Mr. Kirkland here? I'm his daughter, Anne."

That was what she had said, and he had heard the words in his mind night and day a thousand times since, and seen her smile. How could he look at any other girl after that? And after the winter night when she had come running down the stairs at home in the red dress, her eyes like Christmas stars? Only three times he had seen her through the years. And yet, there it was. He loved her. And he alone knew how fierce and relentless that love was. Despite its utter hopelessness, he could think of no other woman with the idea of love.

He glanced at the safe. He should attend to the papers soon. He knew well enough the ones Kirkland meant. There was a faint swell of pride in his heart that he, Arno, was the closest after all to the Chief. Not Devereux, nor any other. He was the one who knew all his secrets, who now controlled their preservation. He decided to wait tonight after Savley had gone and see to the matter. He put the note in his inside pocket.

"Arno! you leaving now?" Savley said at five o'clock.

"No, I'm working on for a while."

"Anything I can do to help? I don't mind waiting," she added eagerly.

"No, not a thing. Go ahead."

Savley slowly put on her coat and hat. With each crisis, her heart stirred, waited, hoped.

"Well, see you in the morning."

"Right," said Arno, without looking up.

When he was alone he set the catch on the doors of Kirkland's office, drew out the note and went towards the safe.

Continuing

## The Golden Journey

(from page 50)

Slowly he read the directions, putting them into operation as he did so. The first time something went wrong, but the next was successful. The great door swung open and Arno began upon his task. It was not too difficult, for the papers were well sorted. Contracts and all business documents in one section; in the other, the ones that would be better destroyed.

Arno read these latter over carefully, sometimes giving a low whistle. What meat these would make if the Press got hold of them! What heads would fall, or at least be bowed pretty low. For many of them represented "deals" in the political world over which Kirkland reigned, the signatures on the papers being part of the price set. Even Arno was surprised at the careful wording in black and white. This was like the Chief, though, to leave no merely verbal streamers to blow away in the wind. Here he had it all, pinned down, solid.

There were other papers, more incriminating to Kirkland himself. These were notations of money received from questionable connections. These represented the "other sources of income" on the tax report.



Arno whistled again. He and the Chief hadn't known everything about each other, that was for sure. He was a shrewd one all right. Or had been.

At seven o'clock Arno had completed his task. He took the papers one by one and burned them over the Chief's giant ashtray, then went back to close the safe. There was nothing in it of any nature which he had not gone over with scrupulous care, no shell, rack or pigeonhole of the contents of which he had not examined. Except.

His eye was caught by something which looked like a tiny secret drawer at the top and back of the safe. Funny! He hadn't noticed it before. Looked as though it might be meant for jewels. He fingered it curiously until it opened. A small sheet of writing paper lay within. Arno took it out and read it quickly.

To Paul Devereux: If after a period of three years the plan decided upon between us has produced no change in physical condition, you are free of all obligation to me to continue in that status if you desire to be released therefrom.

James Kirkland.  
The word copy was scrawled in one corner.

Arno moved back to the desk and sank into the chair, his eyes glued to the paper in his hand. He read it again and then again; then sat holding it while all the blood in his body seemed to rise and pound in his temples. The meaning of the words, at first dislocated and uncertain, gradually clarified, phrase by phrase until the full import struck him as though with a physical blow.

"So it was a deal! I knew it. The dirty scheming rat!"

It seemed natural to speak his thoughts aloud, so articulate were they as they crossed his shrewd and perceptive mind.

"I see it all like a book. The Chief thought she'd never marry the way she was. He wanted to give her a chance—kids and everything. He made the deal. He'd put Devereux where he wanted to be in politics if he'd give Anne the break. If she still couldn't walk after three years and he got fed up, the Chief wouldn't hold him to it!"

He sat on for a few minutes, considering it as he fingered the paper. Suddenly a change came over him, as violent as from an electric shock. He held the sheet up before him, his black eyes staring at it as though it were a sentient thing.

"Ah!" he breathed. And again, "Ah!" almost in a whisper.

For in the moment the thought had come to him that here was an instrument fitted to his hand. Here, given him like a miracle, was the means to his own triumph, to the fulfilment of his own desire.

The next morning, Arno once

his best air he ushered him into the library, and then, in accordance with Anne's instructions, closed the door behind him.

Arno stood, his pulse throbbing, his eyes fixed on Anne, who sat watching him with a pathetic attempt at a smiling welcome.

"Do come in, Arno, and sit down. I'm so glad you have brought me a problem—as I suppose you have. Maybe something new to think about will do me good. Is everything going all right at the office?"

Arno made a slight gesture as though disposing at once of that routine.

"Fine," he said. "I mean I've learned to know the coal business pretty well through the years. As a matter of fact the Chief used to say I was his right hand in everything—politics, too."

"I know, Arno. I know how much you meant to him and how much help you were to him. I do appreciate that."

Her voice was earnest, almost tender, and the cadence of it stirred depths in Arno's heart. It also made his approach more difficult. He wet his lips carefully.

"What I've come to see you about is not connected with the business. It's—well—it's pretty personal, you might say."

"Personal?" A wariness, a reserve, was in Anne's voice now. And at the sound Arno's resolution returned to him. There was no use beating round the bush.

"Miss Anne," he said, "somehow I can't call you anything else—I've thought from the very first that Paul Devereux was after something when he married you. Money, or a boost in his political career, you know. I thought there was some kind of deal between him and the Chief. Your father would want you to get married like any other girl and as things were with you, there wasn't much chance, so he—"

"Stop!" Anne cried. "How dare you say such things to me! I'll have Hackett show you out, and please don't ever come to this house again."

"Just a minute!" Arno was on his feet now, standing in front of her. His black eyes were blazing. "Just a minute. There's more to this. I've told you what I always thought inside me, but I couldn't say anything. Now, I've got the proof. Right here." He drew the paper slowly from his inner pocket as Anne's eyes, wide with amazement and horror, watched him.

"In black and white," Arno went on. "In your father's own hand. He left me the combination of his safe. Me! I was the one he trusted to go through it and get rid of some papers he didn't want anyone else to see. I found a secret drawer with this in it. Read it for yourself if you don't believe me it was a deal. Read it!"

He thrust it into her hand and, breathing hard, watched as her eyes followed the words. When her hand fell a little he bent over her.

"Anne," he said thickly, "now you know Devereux has lied to you. He never loved you. But I do, Anne! I've loved you since the first day I saw you. As soon as you're free, I'll marry you and I'll not run out on you in three years or in thirty whether you can walk or not. I can manage the business for us both. I'll take care of you. I tell you I love you!"

from her. But Arno did not cease from the kisses he had dreamed of for so long. With desperation then and a strength born of extremity she fought him off with violence.

"Stop! Stop! Go away from me! I hate you! I loathe you!" The words burst from her frantically as his face came close again.

At last, dazed and shaken, she realised that she was free, that he was no longer holding her. Instead she saw him, his face white, his eyes terrified, backing away from her as from a ghost.

Then, muttering incoherently, he turned, stumbled against the door, clutched at it, opened it and left precipitately.

It was only then she realised that she was standing. A little distance from her chair.

Hackett found her as he came back anxiously to the library after Arno's strange departure. She was lying on the floor, unconscious, a paper near hand. He lifted her to the sofa, ran for Davy and in a few seconds

her eyes opened upon their frightened faces.

"I knew he was up to no good. Scum, that's what he is!" Hackett was saying. "Scaring her out of her wits about something. I never should have shut that door on them. Then I'd have heard."

Davy's face was grave. "What happened, Anne? Can you tell me?"

"Just a sort of shock," Anne said faintly. "Can you get me up to bed? I'll rest a little and be all right."

"Shall I ring up Mr. Paul?" Hackett asked eagerly.

"No," Anne's voice was weak but commanding. "I'll see him when he comes home. Don't call him."

Once in bed, revived with a stimulant, and with Davy temporarily satisfied, Anne lay alone, her eyes closed. It was as though the few minutes of unconsciousness had lifted the clouds from her brain, although nothing could lift the new weight from her heart. She lay

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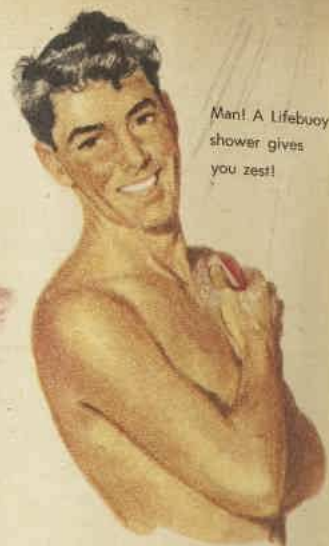


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so much we've had to  
make it in a  
**Big Family Size**

(The refreshing new perfume, of course.)



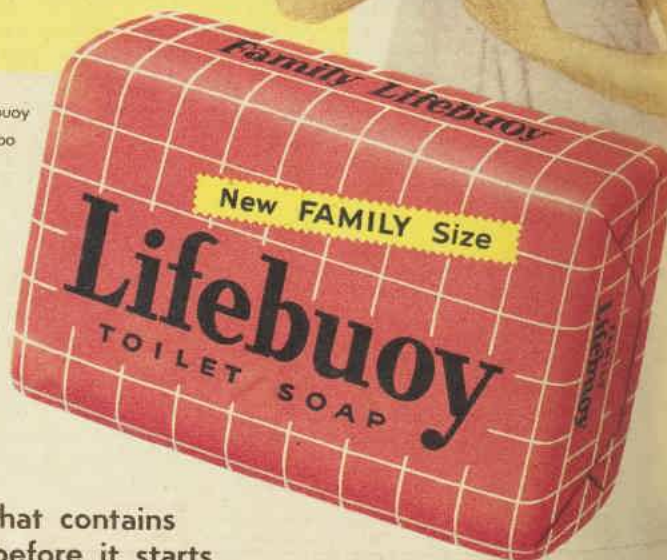
Who said Lifebuoy  
was only for  
men?



Daisy-fresh from  
one shower to the next



Plenty of Lifebuoy  
for dolly, too



The deodorant soap that contains  
PURALIN to stop B.O. before it starts



thinking with anguished clearness of all that had happened. She had stood up and walked. Only a few steps but still she had walked. That accounted for the blanched stare of Arno's face. He had seen what seemed to him a miracle, and was terrified of it.

With a slow volition she allowed this knowledge to pass through and through her mind as waves might cover and recover an object on the sands. She had walked. The incredible, the prodigious, the inconceivable had happened. When she had deened her heart to all hope, when her father had died despairing of it, the miracle had taken place. But it had been born not of physical travail as the others had watched for; this had had its cause and impulsion in an agony of shock still greater. She lay wondering whether to test the continuing validity of that which had occurred.

At last, trembling all over, she tried to move one foot. It responded. Slowly she drew it back until the knee flexed. Then the other. Weak and shaken from the suspense and the realisation, she rested again, still. It was true. Not only for a sudden moment of volcanic emotion, but now, as she lay alone and quiet, the paralysis was gone. The block, whatever it had been, was removed. She was free of her prison. She could walk, she could run, she could

But oh, the poison in the cup which otherwise would have been filled with overwhelming, unutterable joy! She had pushed this aside for a little time until she had actually apprehended the truth and wonder of her cure; now, as one forced down again into darkness, she must consider this that had brought it about.

She drew herself up against the pillow and opened the paper which she had told Davy to give back to her when it had dropped from her hand. She read it again, the words searing eyes and heart together. Slowly, calculating, she forced herself to weigh the phrases, setting each apart from the other:

## Continuing . . . The Golden Journey

(from page 51)

"If after a period of three years the plan decided upon between us has produced no change in physical conditions, you are free of all obligation to me to continue in that status if you desire to be released therefrom."

Starkly, unequivocally, the truth lay bare before her. With Dr. Hertzog's story in mind, Jimmy had decided she must marry, must bear a child. He had offered Paul, the young political aspirant, the bribe of the Boss' help. He had made the deal, but left a way out for Paul if after three years

It was so like Jimmy, so completely like him to do this that the wonder was she had never suspected before. But Paul! A slow scarlet of shame and of mortally wounded pride rose slowly until her pale cheeks burned with it.

In the lower hall Hackett was talking to Davy in suppressed excitement.

"And you see at the moment when I found her lying there, I never thought of it. But just now it came to me. She wasn't close to her chair. She was out a bit in the room. How did she get there? Had the fellow lifted her up mebbe? But he'd hardly let her fall, now would he? And his face as he rushed out was queer like, to say the least. As if he'd seen something that scared him. So I just couldn't help but wonder

"What on earth are you driving at, Hackett?"

"Well, you know it leaked out that when the baby came this big doctor thought she just might get up on her feet when she was in pain, the shock, you know, might drive her. Well, it didn't then, but you see now

"Just a sort of a shock," she said. So you see . . . and her being a little distance across the room and all . . . I couldn't help wondering

"How far from her chair?" Davy asked.

"Come and I'll show you."

He marked off the space while Davy watched intently. "It is strange, Hackett, but don't let's get excited yet. If anything really . . . happened, we'll soon know. Don't mention this to anyone else in the house."

When Paul came home that afternoon he was tired. He had come to a decision as to his course in the concluding weeks of his campaign. He was going to talk simply and truthfully about his own new

straight. Our key witness is ill. Suddenly. The doctor says he won't be ready to appear on the fifteenth. That's the reason and the only reason we're agreeing to the postponement. I won't oppose it now and if you draw an order I'll give my consent."

Sheffkin's voice was honey and oil. "Why sure, sure! Of course, I understand. Well, thanks, Devereux. Thank you very much."

"Don't thank me," Paul had snapped. "I've told you the truth. Though you may not understand what that is. Good-bye."



desire to render honest service to his State and to do all he could to wreck entrenched evil where it was found. The whole argument was working itself out in his mind.

In addition to his weariness he felt irritated. One of their own witnesses on the damage case had been taken very ill. Hartwell had agreed that there would have to be a postponement. When Paul had called Sheffkin to tell him, the latter had been maddeningly complacent.

"Well, now this is better, Devereux. I sort of thought you'd see things differently when you thought it over."

"Listen, Sheffkin, get this

As he climbed the stairs that afternoon he tried to throw off his burdens and think only of the fact that the barrier between him and Anne had been immeasurably lifted. He knew by certain things she had said that her heart was still sore, not only from the sorrow but from the part he himself had played in Kirkland's death. She had spoken of this more freely last night than at any other time. He couldn't blame her for this particular distress. It was harrowing enough to him as he remembered; but what must it be to her? Here again Time, the great mediator, would work, he hoped, on his side.

He hurried to the sitting-

room, where Anne usually awaited him. She was not there. He went towards the bedroom uneasily, opened the door and at once cried out:

"Anne, darling! Is anything wrong? Are you sick?"

He bent quickly over her and then realised with a pang that she was unresponsive to his kiss. Did she regret last night's reconciliation, he wondered? Had it been too soon, after all? Gran had warned him. He should have been more patient.

"Anne," he repeated. "Are you all right?"

"Sit down," she said. "We have something that must be discussed between us."

He sank down in a chair close to the bed, his whole body taut with suspense.

"What is it?" he asked anxiously.

"Today I had a caller."

"Yes? Who was it?"

"Arno."

"What the devil did he want?" Paul asked sharply.

"He had been going through the office safe. Jimmy left him the combination. He found this paper and brought it to me." She handed it to him.

Paul took one glance and then colored to the very roots of his hair. To Anne this seemed the final evidence of his guilt.

"You've seen it before, of course."

"Anne!" he burst out. "This is horrible! I could kill that snake with my own hands for bringing this to you. Let me tell you . . ."

"I think I understand," she interrupted. "Do you have the original of this?"

"I do not." He fairly shouted the words. "I destroyed it at once."

"I can see how you would. But you did have it?"

"Anne," he begged, "listen to me! I'll tell you just how it all was. Your father practically forced the paper on me. I only took it to please him, and burned it as soon as I got back to my room. It meant nothing to me. It was all your father's idea. Oh, Anne, let

me tell you how the whole thing happened!"

"I would like to hear it. From you." It was the quiet of her voice that was so deadly.

"Your father made me a proposition. If I would try to get you to marry me he would back me to the hilt in politics. I flatly refused. He seemed sunk. He begged me to come just once to dinner to meet you. I agreed. I came. The rest you know."

"Not quite," she said, still in the same voice. "After that first night at dinner you went to the study to talk to Jimmy before you left. You remember? Just what did you tell him?"

Paul's look of embarrassment did not escape her.

"I told him I would . . . try to win you."

"You can hardly pretend that you loved me then."

"But I think I did. It's happened before. Plenty of men love at first sight. Oh, Anne, can't you let this thing rest? It was your father's desperate desire to help you that brought it all about. What does it matter how we met? The point is we did meet. We fell in love. We are married. Can't you forget everything else? Surely you don't doubt my love now! Can't you believe that I wasn't really a party to the . . . agreement?"

"It is a little hard for me to believe that, considering this paper. And I have my pride."

He looked at her in a sort of anguished amazement as though he could not have heard her aright. Then the deadly coldness settled upon him also.

"What more can I say? I've told you the truth. If after all our months together, you still doubt me, I'm afraid I can't give you further proof. What do you want me to do?"

She began speaking, very slowly. "I've got to have time to think it all through. I've got to be alone. I'm too hurt just now to keep seeing you every day. I . . . I would rather not."

"You mean you would like

To page 59

Worry, rushed meals, anxiety, cause . . .

# INDIGESTION

De Witt's Antacid Powder gives quick, sure relief

It is common medical knowledge that many of our aches and pains today are caused by a troubled state of mind. This is particularly true of indigestion. When the mind is upset, it seems to follow naturally that the stomach will be upset also. When this happens to you, get De Witt's Antacid Powder without delay. This wonderful, well-balanced formula rapidly neutralises excess stomach acidity and ensures prolonged relief from pain and discomfort by

spreading a soothing, protective coating over the troubled stomach lining. A teaspoonful in half a glass of water is usually all that is required to restore normal digestive balance. Keep De Witt's Antacid Powder always on hand and take it whenever indigestion threatens. It is a perfectly safe, corrective medicine which can also be given to children with absolute confidence. Sold by chemists and storekeepers everywhere.

"I RECOMMEND De WITT'S" says Nurse R. Hurstbridge, Vic.

"I have been a private nurse for 20 years and have recommended De Witt's Antacid Powder to patients all round the various suburbs in which I work. I have taken De Witt's Antacid Powder regularly myself for nervous indigestion with great success."

The original of this letter can be seen at our Melbourne office.

When away from home, always carry De Witt's Antacid Tablets in handy, tear-off, cellophane strips; these pleasant-tasting tablets give quick, sure relief when dissolved on the tongue.



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74



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74



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35



THIN CAPTAIN  
71



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35



CHERRY RIPE  
33



ORANGE SLICE  
30



MONTE CARLO  
23



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34



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34



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34



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28



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26



ARNELLA CRUNCH  
48



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49



CHOCOLATE WHEATOSE  
39

NUMBERS AFTER NAMES OF BISCUITS INDICATE  
APPROXIMATE NUMBER PER POUND

ASK YOUR GROCER TO SHOW YOU



# RANGE OF QUALITY



LEMONETTE  
50



COCOANUT SHORTCAKE  
51



ARNO SHORTBREAD  
37



BUTTER OATCAKE  
41



NICE  
39



DATE SANDWICH 29  
OR CURRANT LUNCHEON  
31



MILK COFFEE  
46



GINGER NUT  
33



PRINCESS  
61



SCOTCH SHORTBREAD FINGER  
26



MILK ARROWROOT  
52



LACTO MALTED MILK  
59



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49



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42



ORANGE TEA  
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TO MEET WIDER DEMAND!



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Now you can choose Actil Nursery Squares  
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# CHIC MOTIF FOR HAND EMBROIDERY

THE plain blouse illustrated at right is given a decorative touch by hand embroidery.

The border motif shows part of the conventional design in actual size. The complete design measures 11 in. long.

The design can be divided into small sections for embroidering on table-mats, handkerchiefs, and collars.

You will need 1 skein each 543 (Nasturtium), 559 (Delphinium), 792

(Almond Green), and 946 (Chartreuse) Clark's Anchor Stranded cotton. Use three strands throughout; 1 "Milwards "Gold Seal" crewel needle No. 6.

Trace the design centrally on to the blouse yoke. Follow the diagram and number key for the embroidery.

All parts similar to the numbered parts are worked in the same color and stitch. When the embroidery is complete, press well on the wrong side.



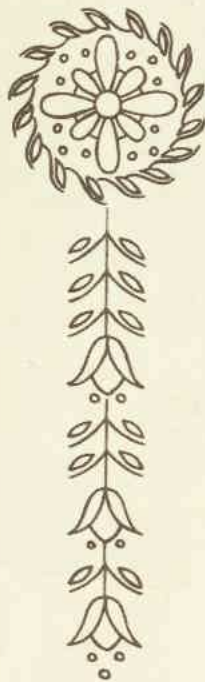
EMBROIDERY DESIGN worked on this attractive blouse yoke can be used in many ways. Try the design a few inches from the ends of a long scarf for an unusual trim.



DAINTY DESIGN on the blouse shown above, embroidered in satin-stitch, stem-stitch, daisy-stitch, and french knots. Vary colors to suit yourself.



DIAGRAM illustrates the numbers indicating embroidery stitches and colors used. Here is the key: 1-543, 2-559, 3-946 (satin-stitch); 4-792 (stem-stitch); 5-792 (daisy-stitch); 6-559, 7-946, 8-543, 9-792 (french knots); 10-792 (two straight stitches into same place). See directions above.



DESIGN may be traced on a plain blouse, either white or in pale pastel, or used to embroider lingerie.

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### BLOUSES

Glamorous Bubble Nylon at a new low price, but with Zonar fit and finish. In pastels and fashion colours.

**FROM 29/11**

"Your passport to stylish ease"

Obtainable at leading stores.



stewed fruit  
goes with

## Mums custard!



... Smooth as whipped cream!

## IS YOUR HAIR EASY TO SET?

If you find your hair difficult to set, don't blame your permanent wave. Probably your hair isn't in good condition; once the hair gets a little dried out or too oily, it's very hard to manage. But a jar of Figaro Hair Stimulator Cream will straight away make it alkier, glossier and easier to set than it's ever been. Hairdressers use it!



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**FIGARO HAIR STIMULATOR**

## MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES SAYS:

WHEN making an apple sponge, sprinkle a layer of browned breadcrumbs over cooked apple before covering with cake mixture. The sponge will then stay on top of the apple and not mix with it.

SCARVES and belts are hard to keep on hangers. Try running a wire between screw-eyes on a cupboard door. String spring-type pegs on it and use them to hold belts and scarves.

PLASTIC containers for lipstick refills are excellent for cutting small decorative rounds of beetroot for savories. Pierce a hole in the closed end to allow air to circulate and free the cut rounds.

CUT washed rhubarb into 1 in. lengths, place in a casserole with 1-3rd cup water and 1-3rd cup sugar. Add 3 or 4 thin strips orange rind, cover closely, and bake in moderate oven 20 minutes. Cooked this way rhubarb retains its shape, is less tart, and the flavor is delicious.

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**38%**  
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**A. AMERICAN STYLED VELVETEEN PINAFORE**  
Good quality, silky finish velveteen. Full skirt and self-belt. Wine red, luscious blue, green. Length 30, 85/-; 33, 87/6; 36, 90/-; 38, 95/-; 40, 97/6; 42, 98/6; and 44, priced at 99/6.

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Spot Ingola in white with sky or white with lemon. Size 30, 36/-; 33, 36/-; 36, 39/-; 38, 42/-.

**C. TAILORED SUIT HAT PLEATED SKIRT**  
Marfex suit is woven tweed allows for growing. Coat fully lined. Blue, grey and green. Length 24, £7/17/6; 28, £8/2/-; 30, £8/6/-; 33, £8/10/6; 36, at £8/15/-; and 39 at £8/19/6 ea.

**D. MARFEX AMERICAN COPY TEEN COAT**  
Smooth all-wool velour with an adjustable cuff, fully lined. Red, blue, Kelly green, length 40, 42 and 44 inches. £10/15/-.

**E. FULL GREY PLEATED SKIRT**  
With self-belt and elasticised back, 108" around the hem. In lengths 23, 66/-; 25, 68/-; 27, 70/-; and 28½, priced at 72/6.

**F. INGOLA BLOUSE**  
Long sleeves. Lemon, cream, sky. 30, 31/6; 33, 36/-; 39, 42/-; 33/6.



"Nan", in caramelo suede, black or red calf. 73/- pair.



"Betty", in black, brown or red calf, priced 69/6 pair.



"Babs", in oak calf, priced at 59/6 a pair.

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# The Golden Journey

from page 53

me to leave the house? To go away?"

"If you would. For a while." He stood for a moment as though stunned, then turned and went into his dressing-room. She could hear him moving about. In a short time he came back, a bag in his hand.

"I hope I won't need more than this," he said with a wry smile.

He went into the nursery and was gone what seemed a long time. Then he came out and stood looking down at her.

"I know you've had heavy blows, darling. Terrible ones. No one knows as well as I do what your courage has been. I think I can understand how this last one hit you. But Anne, you'll see it differently a little later. You'll get a new perspective. And you must forgive Jimmy for the original plan. It was his great love that prompted it."

"I have forgiven him," she said in a small voice.

"Then surely, surely you can forgive me!"

"That is entirely different. You must see that it is. Where will you go now?" she added.

"I can get a room at Mrs. MacLeod's again, I suppose. I'll let you know. I would give my right arm to save you from all this, Anne, but you must try to believe me. I love you. Isn't that enough?"

He stooped to kiss her, but she raised her hand as though to hold him back. Her voice sounded choked.

"Paul," she said, "I haven't told you all. When Arno gave me the paper he evidently thought as soon as I read it, I would take steps to divorce you. So he told me he . . . he loved me, would marry me as soon as I was free, and before I knew what he was going to do he had put his arms round me and was kissing me. It was . . . horrible! I didn't know what I was doing. I struggled and used all my strength and pushed him away . . . I was frantic . . ."

Paul's steady cursing interrupted her. She had never heard him really swear before and recoiled a little from it. "I'll knock his brains out," he was gritting through his teeth. "I'll beat him to a pulp! I'll . . . why didn't you tell me this at once? I'll find him tonight. I'll . . ."

"Listen, Paul. That's past. He will never bother me again. But that isn't all. Suddenly he fairly ran from me and I found then I was . . . was standing. On my feet. In the middle of the room."

He stared at her as though hypnotised and then his shout of exultation rang to the ceiling.

"Anne! It's happened! You walked! Oh, my darling! I can't believe it! Just the way we thought it might come! Now it has come! You're cured! Tell me again. How did you feel? Does Davy know? Have you walked up here? Oh, darling, get up now. Let me help you! Let me see you . . ."

She stopped his wild, incoherent joy.

"It's true. But somehow I can't grasp it yet. All I can think of is that Jimmy isn't here to know. And that I can't even talk about the wonder of it with you . . . the way I feel now."

He stepped back, as though he had been struck.

"You mean you can't share this with me? Your husband?"

"Not just now." Her words were very low. "I'm too wretched. Too confused."

He stood for a long moment looking down at her as though at the end of love itself.

"I'll come whenever you send for me," he said, and went out without another word.

He talked with Davy in her own sitting-room, giving brief, almost sharp instructions. Then as though to counteract the tone, he wrung her hand in a painful grip and went down the stairs. Hackett let him out, puzzled and concerned.

"You're not going away, Mr. Paul?"

"Just for a little while, Hackett. I'm counting on you and Davy to take care of my family."

"We'll do that, Mr. Paul. We'll miss you. Is . . . is Miss Anne all right now? She had a bad time here with that Arno person. I was very anxious."

"I think she'll be all right, Hackett. I needn't tell you that man is never to enter this house again under any circumstances!"

"I would have seen to that without you telling me, Mr. Paul, and good luck to you, sir, in your campaign."

His campaign. As he drove back across the city he forced himself to push away the torturing thoughts of the past half-hour and consider it in a new light. With the postponement of the damage case he would have now more than three weeks in which to pour himself upon it. He would ask to be relieved at the office. He would not wait for opportunities to speak; he would make them. He would go on an intensive tour of his whole district, laying bare the evils as he saw them, calling upon the decent people to support him.

He set his teeth. He would cast aside every party prop. He would now be his own utterly free agent. He would publicly disclaim all dependence on Kirkland's machine. So if he won, he would win on his own merits, his own principles. And he passionately wanted now to win in this way. First because he was right, but also now because then Anne might believe that his honor was unstained.

When he appeared at his old rooming house, he had not thought of what explanation he would offer to Mrs. MacLeod; so when she met him he was embarrassed and stammering, as she gave him an eager, motherly kiss.

"Could you let me have a room for a little while?" he managed at last. "I'm in the last lap of my campaign for State Senator. I'll be working most nights till very late—" It sounded lame enough but he could add nothing further. She fussed over him in her old fashion.

"My, yes. Your old one's empty just now. I always hated to see anyone else in it. Just go right on up and make yourself at home." Fortunately she forbore to ask questions other than with her eyes.

He could not settle to work that night. Instead he paced the floor for most of it, his emotions too violent for sleep. He had no idea where Arno lived and the telephone directory was of no help. So that business would have to be left till the morning. He clenched his fists. Once he had finished with him, laid him low, he could at least breathe again.

He went to the offices of Kirkland and Company as early next morning as he

To page 62

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

## Your Swiss watch's best friend is your jeweller

You are buying a new watch. A Swiss watch. And buying it from a good watchmaker or jeweller. How right you are!

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 ★ dream-come-true . . . a lifetime  
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**Non-sagging Edges.** Yes, you can sit on the edge of your Laconia mattress and have no worries about damage to the sides. Special spring reinforcing holds edges permanently in shape.



**Good Ventilation.** Special vents in the sides of the Laconia keep it well "aired" and constantly fresh. Sturdy, well-secured handles facilitate periodical turning.

L10, PP, WW.



# MARCH is the time to . . .

- Disbud dahlias and chrysanthemums . . . plant bulbs
- ... prepare ground for citrus trees . . . set out shrubs . . .
- prune hydrangeas . . . sow seeds of winter vegetables.

THIS the first month of autumn is a busy one for the gardener, with manifold activities ranging from raking up the first falling leaves to leaning on the rake to admire the blaze of color from the early autumn flowers.

As well as the raking and admiring, there are many other jobs you must do, such

- Give some attention to dahlias and chrysanthemums.

For really big blooms all dahlias should be disbudded regularly, leaving only the biggest and best to mature, that is, if you hope to exhibit them at flower shows.

If decorative effect is more desirable than flowers for cutting, do not disbud so drastically. But it will usually be found beneficial if some of the closely clustered buds are thinned out to about two, and any that appear too close to the crown are removed.

Chrysanthemums will produce quality blooms if the buds, which often appear in fives or more, are thinned out to one or two. The cluster types, such as Mother's Day and pompons, can be left almost unchecked.

- Complete bulb planting.

Most of the bigger bulbs have much work to do underground before they produce leaves, and need early planting.

Choice varieties of daffodils, hyacinths, tulips, lachenalias, frezias, anemones, ranunculi, and nerines are often snapped up by early buyers, and unless the gardener orders them promptly he or she may be disappointed and have to take what is left.

Plant watsonia corms in odd corners, preferably in clumps of six or eight, where their rather floppy foliage can sprawl to its heart's content, and where the colorful spikes will later make a good display.

The newer watsonias, which come in pastel shades of



**LUCULIA GRATISSIMA**, a lovely winter-flowering shrub, should be planted now while the soil, air, and water are warm. Grows to about 12ft., needs protection from wind.

apricot, pale pink, pale gold, buff and deep salmon, orange-red, and deep mauve, have more character than the old-style white and puce pinks.

- Prepare for citrus planting.

Dig the ground well if you intend to plant citrus trees in April. Mix in well-decayed compost or old manure, and let the ground settle well.

## GARDENING

Bonedust, too, is an excellent starter for new lemon, orange, mandarin, grapefruit, or lime trees.

Don't waste time over seedling citrus trees in your garden; they take years to bear (if ever) and are invariably disappointing.

Order advanced trees in tins and ask your nurseryman to recommend varieties suitable to your district. Thus you'll make sure the tree you plant is suitable both for you and for the climate.

- Set out tender shrubs.

Delicate shrubs like luculias, eupatoriums, coral vines, ruellias, poinsettias, frangipani, moschosa, and lasiandra should be planted now. They need to be well established before the winter sets in.

Most of those mentioned are frost-tender and in cold districts need to be grown in well-protected positions — facing east to north-east.

- Prune hydrangeas.

Cut back to firm, mature wood, and if you want to maintain the pinks and reds give them some carbonate of lime. For blue and purple shades add aluminium sulphate. In both cases water-in well.

- Sow seeds of winter vegetables and spring flowers.

Seeds of broadbeans, onions, carrots, parsnips, silver beet, swedes, white turnip, peas, leeks, kohlrabi, cabbage, cauliflower, lettuce (winter varieties), and parsley can be sown now.

In boxes sow more snapdragons, Canterbury bells, foxgloves, wallflowers, cinerarias, clarkias, venidiums, dianthus, calendulas, nemesias, pansies, violas, rhodanthes, schizanthus, sweet sultanias, cornflowers, and — in the open — sweet peas.

- Examine the rockeries.

This is the month to fill up any gaps caused during summer. Mesembryanthemums, sedums, Livingstone daisies, cerastium tomentosum, crucianella, bellis perennis, arabis alpina, aubrietias, and stokesias, are all bright and beautiful rockery plants which can be put in now.



**EUPATORIUM megalophyllum**, shown in close-up above and growing in a garden at right, should be planted now. Grows to about 12ft. Needs protection from frosts and boisterous winds during winter.



We really enjoy our Sun-room now.



You've no idea the difference lovely, colourful Aberdeen Venetians make to a sunroom. The transformation from an ordinary room to a well-furnished, comfortable den is amazing. The privacy of Aberdeen Venetians and their complete control of light and ventilation make your sunroom the perfect extra livingroom-bedroom combination.

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THE WORLD'S FINEST  
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thought anyone would be there. He found Miss Sayles alone in the inner office she shared with Arno.

Paul's greeting was brief. "I want to see Arno at once!"

Sayles looked very anxious. "He's not here, Mr. Devereux. I just got a note by special messenger. He says he's left the city on a month's vacation and to carry on. He didn't even give an address! I don't know what to make of it." She lowered her voice. "I'm scared for him. You know he is mixed up with G and those gangsters. You don't think he's... he's come to harm, do you, Mr. Devereux?"

"No," he reassured her strongly. "I'm sure he hasn't. I think I know why he left town for a while. Don't worry, Miss Sayles. You'll hear from him. Can you manage things here without him?"

"Oh, I guess so, Hartman in the outer office is good. If anything too hard comes up for us, I'll call you."

"Better call Mr. Briggs,"

Continuing

Paul said shortly. "I may not be... available."

He felt actually sick as he rode down in the elevator. He had been keyed up to a physical encounter, the only way possible in his mood to settle with Arno. Now his strength and his tension were futile. There was no release for the swelling wrath within him. He wished as he walked alone the street that it were possible to transfer this burning fiery fury to his speeches.

In the weeks that followed, it seemed as though this had actually been accomplished. Released from work at the office until the election, he started upon what amounted to a crusade. It was only too easy, now that he wanted to know it, to acquire more evidence of the corruption that was eating away at the city itself and spreading its voracious power across the country.

## The Golden Journey

from page 59

Hartwell had many facts to lay before him; Johnny Bovard had a different but no less damning set. Paul had his own. It all proved more than enough for the present to talk about.

If the first months of Paul's campaign had drawn favorable journalistic comment here and there, these last weeks brought headlines. His meteoric swing around the district with talks to every kind of group made news. For they were not the patterned, political addresses to which the people were accustomed. These were the fearless outpourings of a man of conviction and dedication.

He began each time quite simply by stating he had not known until recently that most of the money for the campaign had come from a great numbers banker... a racketeer! From that moment on he had rapt attention.

"And why," he would continue, "do the gangsters donate money for election funds? Because they want men elected whom they can count on to protect them. I want to tell you now that I am not, nor even will be, one of their men. If I am elected, I will fight them in the Senate and out of it. And I may add that the money for these last weeks' campaign is coming out of my own pocket, so I am free to say what I want to say, what I must say to you about the various dangers that threaten our body politic."

He would go on to particularise.

"Do you know that the gangsters in this State not only have a tight hold on gambling and related vices but that they are moving in on legitimate businesses? Hotels, restaurants, automobile dealerships and even small steel companies? Do you know too that there is danger, if we don't curb it in time, that the whole gambling ring will take over our State Senate? The problem that faces us is: Can we continue to exist half under-world and half upper-world?"

He spoke of the graft-ridden cities. "Do you know," he would press, "that countless city officials across the State who should be incorruptible are profiting constantly from their offices? From insurance commissions on city-owned property, from insurance premiums on performance bonds for public works, from the awarding of contracts—to name only a few. Do you know that the tendrils of graft and corruption have become mighty interlacing roots so that even men who would like to be honest are tripped and trapped by them?"

Remorselessly, day by day, he kept piling fact upon fact and driving them home to his audiences, begging them to rally round those men who were known to stand for clean government and in particular to support him in his race for senator.

The headlines in the county papers grew bigger. Even city editorials began to appear.

"The organisation will have to do something about young Mr. Devereux, who is not as well trained at jumping at the crack of the whip as the party machine would like. This candidate for the State Senate has suddenly begun to speak quite out of turn and with a force which is making certain strong men shiver at his audacity. What the result of these wild utterances will be on election day remains to be seen."

The comments varied from this near facetiousness to sober praise or sharp rebuke.

His break with Brennan had

necessitated certain mechanical changes. Before, he had been using Party Headquarters; now he must provide his own. At Hartwell's suggestion he took over a partially unused room just behind his own office, and secured the services of a capable girl to take phone calls and attend to all the multifarious incoming questions and messages when he was out.

Certain campaign aids in the way of equipment were now cut off from him, but one small radio station had offered him free time and for the rest he must depend upon his unremitting speeches in every corner of the city and the county.

Each night he telephoned Davy. Her replies to his questions never varied, for, of course, the most important one he could not ask. Yes, they were getting on all right. Yes, the baby was well. Yes, Anne was walking about the house and the garden, but so far seemed unwilling to go beyond that. After such a conversation Paul would sit with his head in his hands trying to see Anne's side, wrestling with despair.

During the past week Paul worked with frenzied zeal and a sort of sublime assurance in his cause. He was convinced that his last month's reform speeches, aided by the newspaper publicity, would make the victory Jimmy had predicted yet more sure. By election eve he was utterly exhausted but still confident, as he flung himself in bed, for once too weary to think of anything but sleep.

When he first woke he looked out on a thin, dreary rain, the skies leaden, the last leaves stricken to the pavement. The sense that he could now do nothing more made him turn over again in drowsy relaxation. When he next woke he saw to his astonishment that it was noon. He got up hastily, dressed, and went out to vote, barely in time to keep his appointment with the photographers. He lunched late with Hartwell at the latter's club, but they did not discuss the day's cogent possibilities until they were ready to leave.

"I'm nervous as a cat," Paul admitted. "If a mere aspirant for State Senator feels this way at election time, how must a Presidential candidate feel?"

"You might know some day," Hartwell said slyly.

During the afternoon Paul drove out to West Hill, passed slowly back and forth before the house and then ended up at Mrs. Catherby's apartment. She greeted him with her usual warmth, which in some measure comforted the soreness of his heart, but she eyed him keenly. "You've been avoiding me a little, haven't you? I've missed you."

"I've been busy every minute. Today will tell the tale whether it's been to any purpose or not."

The old lady shook her head. "No difference how the votes come in, you've done a wonderful thing. Paul. You've stirred people up out of their lethargy. I'm sure of that from the newspapers without having heard your speeches. You've been honest and courageous. Can't you take satisfaction in that?"

"I'm afraid I can't, unless I see results," he said.

They sat silent for some time and then she said quietly, "Do you want to talk about Anne?"

"I can't. I want to, but the facts must come from her."

Mrs. Catherby sighed. "She feels she cannot talk about it either, so I am completely in the dark about the new trouble, whatever it is. All I can do is love you both."

Paul felt better as he left. It was wonderful to feel that Gran blindly trusted him as she quite evidently did, even while grieving for her darling's pain. He went into a phone booth downtown and called the house. When Hackett answered he was about to ask for Anne when the old man interrupted. "I'll put Miss Davis on at once, Mr. Paul," he said.

His heart was beating fast but he tried to keep his voice calm. "Is Anne busy, Davy? Could I speak to her?"

"I'll see," she answered quickly. "Just a minute." He waited, his hand gripping the phone hard. When the voice came it was still Davy's. "She is busy right now with the baby, but she said to tell you she wished you every success today."

He sat for a minute in the booth as though without strength to stand. This from her, and only this, coming out of the facts as she believed them, was a bitter message.

He had been invited to spend the evening at the Bovards' and

he arrived there at six-thirty and had ham sandwiches and coffee up in Johnny's room, while the radio's spattered comments kept coming over, some of them dealing with himself.

"A good deal of interest in this evening's returns centres on Paul Devereux, one of the candidates for State Senator. Young Devereux suddenly started on a crusade for clean government a month ago."

"You're a gift to the broadcasters, Paul," Johnny laughed. "They need filler-in material right now more than a cow needs a tail."

By seven o'clock one announcer had a bit more to add.

"Returns from the little village of Denton in the northern end of the county have just come in, their polls closing at six o'clock. There were ninety-six votes cast. For State Senator, Paul Devereux received all ninety-six!"

"Hurrah for Devereux!"

To page 64

# Softasilk

## CREAM MILD SOAP

by Colgate

## A NEW KIND OF SOAP

containing

## Beauty Cream

to give your skin that lovely "cared-for" look



Pure white Softasilk is the only soap that actually contains a beauty cream to replace natural skin oils every time you wash. The fragrant, cream-laden lather silken your skin as it cleanses, making it smoother, softer, younger. Change to Softasilk Cream Mild Soap to give your skin that lovely "cared-for" look.



Pure White Softasilk  
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New Beauty Partner for  
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## LOVELIER MORE NATURAL-LOOKING CURLS...



Richard Hudnut's improved, lanolized

## faster, easier-to-use Home Perm... Lanolized Wave lotion —only 10 minutes' waving time!



RICHARD HUDNUT's high-speed lanolin waving lotion "takes" in 10 minutes, whatever kind of hair you have. No check curls, no guesswork. Just three things to do: Wind, wave and neutralise. Revolutionary Wave Vitalizer guarantees fastest neutralising ever in just one step. Dab it on your curls just once. No more repeated rinses. Lanolin in the waving lotion protects hair from damage... keeps it healthy! Your curls are soft, shiny and easy to manage.

Choose the Richard Hudnut Home Perm made specially for your type of hair...  
FOR EASY-TO-WAVE hair and for soft, natural curls in NORMAL hair.  
FOR HARD-TO-WAVE hair and for tight, firmer curls in NORMAL hair.  
For bleached, tinted, brightened, colour-treated or lightened hair use the "Easy-to-Wave Hair" kit.  
CHEMISTS AND STORES EVERYWHERE  
ONLY 12/-

## Richard Hudnut HOME PERMANENT

H22-10



# Don't scorn the can opener! There's health and happiness in this MODERN WAY TO FEED BABY



This sturdy young Australian shows obvious pleasure as he enjoys the nourishment of Canned Baby Foods

## Mary has her little lamb

now with Vegies and Milk and Cereal — from a Can!

FOR that matter, Mary can have Chicken Broth — Vegetables and Bacon — Pineapple with Rice — or any of the 18 Heinz Strained Foods for Young Babies, 9 Heinz Junior Foods for Older Babies.

That's the beauty of Heinz Baby Foods. Beneficial, nourishing meals beyond the scope of ordinary household budgeting are readily available on your pantry shelf. And food fads are easily avoided because baby quickly becomes accustomed early in his life to a variety of foods.

### Regular Diet

Some mothers use Canned Baby Foods only in emergencies, when fresh ingredients are in short supply, when shopping is impossible, when travelling, on holidays. Yet these nourishing varieties are so convenient for regular feeding, 7 days a week, at home.

Broths, Soups, Meats, Vegetables and Sweets are always available. You have no worries about ingredients being out-of-season, wondering what to give baby next. You always feel secure that baby is getting the best food possible, scientifically prepared to conserve all the natural goodness and help baby grow.

### Advantages

When you serve Canned Baby Foods every day of the week you save time, money, labour. There is no wear or tear on utensils. You cut down shopping time in searching for and carrying home purchased ingredients. You save hours of tedious cooking and straining. Most important of all, you save worry. Heinz Baby Foods never vary. They're always safe and reliable. They're good for baby and he enjoys eating them. He likes their bright, fresh colour, he loves their flavour.

Preparing Heinz Baby Foods takes only a few seconds. Initially baby will begin with about two teaspoonsful of Strained Foods, but this amount will increase fairly rapidly as Baby grows older.

These small amounts can be warmed in a cup standing in hot water. Later, as baby's appetite grows, the can itself can be warmed in hot water and the meal spooned direct from the can.

It takes no time, there is no washing-up, left-overs will safely keep in an opened can for a period comparable with home-cooked foods. Serving Heinz Junior Foods is just as simple.

### Availability

Every mother worries about giving baby new foods. Holidays in strange places, seasonal shortages of ingredients, days out with the family, can all contribute to upsetting baby's delicate digestion.

That's when Heinz Canned Baby Foods are worth their weight in gold. Wherever you go, baby can enjoy the self-same nourishing food that he's always accustomed to. You can stock up locally at any time, or do your shopping wherever you may be.

Practically every Grocer and Chemist in Australia carries the complete range of Heinz Baby Foods. 18 Varieties of Strained Foods for Young Babies, 9 Varieties of Junior Foods for Older Babies.

### Complete Menu!

Heinz pack Strained Foods in a blue-labelled can. For young babies, look for the blue labels and these varieties:

Chicken Broth with Vegetables and Cereal, Bone and

Vegetable Broth, Beef Broth with Beef and Barley, Vegetables and Lamb with Milk and Cereal, Vegetables and Bacon with Cereal, Beef and Liver Soup, Vegetable Soup, Tomato Soup, Strained Carrots, Green Beans, Golden Squash, Egg Custard, Banana Custard Pudding, Strained Apples, Strained Pears, Prunes with Rice, and Peaches with Cereal.

For older babies, Heinz Junior Foods are packed with a red label. The 9 varieties of Junior Foods are: Chicken Dinner, Vegetable Macaroni and Beef Dinner, Vegetables and Bacon, Junior Apples, Vegetable Lamb and Liver Dinner, Vegetable Beef Dinner, Mixed Vegetables, Pineapple Rice Pudding, and Chocolate Custard.

### Satisfied users

The H. J. Heinz Company is proud of the number of spontaneous testimonials received from happy mothers since Canned Baby Foods were first introduced to Australia a few years ago.

Behind this acceptance lies years of study and research in America, England, Canada and Australia. Heinz know what your baby needs and spare no effort to maintain their unimpeachable 87-year-old reputation for highest quality.

Heinz Canned Baby Foods are a safe, nutritious addition to baby's diet. Their quality is unsurpassed. You know they're good because they're Heinz.

### Lucke Quads are healthy examples . .



Veronica, Jennifer, Eric and Kevin Lucke regularly enjoy a beneficial diet of Heinz Strained Foods.

Old habits die hard. Many a mother has yet to realise what canned Baby Foods mean to her growing youngster.

TODAY'S mother has much to be thankful for.

A few years ago, baby's early meals were a constant worry. Daily shopping for a little of this and that, endless cooking, straining ingredients to the right consistency, preparing far more than was necessary, never knowing whether baby would 'like' it or not.

Nowadays feeding time is so much easier and more beneficial for baby.

Canned Baby Foods have removed the drudgery from meal preparation and added balanced nutrition to baby's diet.

### Are they good?

No matter how hard you try, mother, it's well nigh impossible to regularly achieve the high nutrition value found in every can of Heinz Baby Foods.

When you do the preparing, local shopping frequently results in buying ingredients that are days old. Ordinary methods cook much of the goodness out of the meal. There is no way of maintaining a high standard of appearance, nourishment and flavour.

What a different story it is at Heinz new modern plant at Dandenong, Victoria!

Heinz cater perfectly for all ages by supplying two types of Baby Foods. Strained Foods for young babies and Junior Foods for older babies, in all a total of 27 varieties.

When baby reaches an age of about 4 months or 15 lbs. in weight, it is necessary to add a mild form of bulk to the diet and commence the supply of essential nutrients that will enable him to grow and develop. Some babies may start early, others a little later.

It is advisable to discuss this commencement date with your Health Centre Sister or Doctor.

Heinz Strained Foods have been specially developed for the young baby's needs. All the necessary vitamins, proteins and minerals are there but all hard lumps and fibres have been removed.

As baby grows older and teeth develop, doctors recommend that he learns to chew as quickly as possible. It is then that Heinz Junior Foods are such a boon.

These specialized meals for older babies have particles of a size to encourage chewing but small enough to cause no harm if swallowed. Junior Foods are an essential part of baby's diet when he has outgrown strained foods but is not yet ready for adult meals.

These are some of the many logical reasons why more and more of today's mothers are nourishing their babies on canned Baby Foods.

If you have yet to enjoy these benefits, send the coupon below for a free sample and prove for yourself how good they are.

By  
**ELIZABETH HICKS**  
Child Nutrition Authority

### Kitchens to be proud of

Here are scrupulously clean kitchens that you'd be proud to own. You see the fussy preparation of freshest vegetables and fruit, choicest dairy products, finest cuts of meat.

You admire experienced chefs as they follow with scientific accuracy, recipes resulting from close association between Heinz authorities and medical and child-health specialists throughout the world.

The extras that are added will surprise you. Wheat germ, yeast, glucose — health-giving ingredients not usually added to home-cooked meals.

You realise that the slow, careful, specialized Heinz method of cooking in sealed cans keeps vitamin and mineral losses to a minimum.

The end result is a more nutritious meal containing balanced proportions of the vitamins, proteins and minerals so essential to sturdy growth.

### Are they safe?

Because your baby deserves the very best in the world, you have every right to ask this question. Millions of cans of Heinz Baby Foods have already been sold throughout Australia and this fact speaks for itself. Thousands of healthy Australians have grown up on Heinz Baby Foods.

Specially-lined cans avoid any possibility of spoilage, which means that food may be safely left in an open can for a time comparable with home-cooked foods. Canned Baby Foods are sterile, safe, protected from vitamin-killing sunlight which can destroy necessary Vitamin A and B even through glass.

### Health Centre opinion

Ask your Health Centre Sister or Doctor on the advisability of using Heinz Baby Foods. They will support this modern method of supplying a diet perfectly suited to baby's needs.

What better commendation is necessary than the fact that the famous Lucke Quads are sturdily growing on Heinz Baby Foods.



# HEINZ

Australia's first,  
finest and largest  
range of Baby Foods

18 Varieties of  
HEINZ STRAINED FOODS  
for young babies



(57)

9 Varieties of  
HEINZ JUNIOR FOODS  
for older babies



FREE OFFER!

Send your name, address, and baby's age to Dept. 17A, H. J. Heinz Company Pty. Ltd., 374 Little Collins Street, Melbourne. In return, you will receive a voucher entitling you to a free sample of Heinz Baby Foods.

NAME

ADDRESS

BABY'S AGE



# MARCH named as 'Fight-Decay' Month

Continuing  
The Golden Journey

(from page 62)

## DRIVE TO IMPROVE NATION'S DENTAL HEALTH

is opened by IPANA in conjunction with Australian chemists.

The average Australian has shocking teeth. Only two nations in the world have as bad a record. Most citizens of this "young" Commonwealth are wearing artificial teeth by the time they are 30 or 35. 80 to 90 per cent. of Australian children have defective teeth.

This is a serious matter. No matter what the causes, tooth decay must be fought. It is affecting individual and national health. It is an evil.



Almost nine out of ten Australian children have defective teeth. To prevent decay, teeth should always be cleaned right after eating—particularly after eating sweet foods.

The dentists of Australia say that the time has arrived to face FACTS. The makers of Ipana agree with them. That is why "Fight Decay" Month has been instituted.

It is essential for every Australian to have a dental check-up every six months. "Fight Decay" Month has been declared to remind you of this. Only a dentist can accurately diagnose the state of your teeth. Only a dentist can amend the ravages of decay. See your dentist and do what he recommends. One of the first things he will recommend is the correct brushing of your teeth right after eating. He will tell you that mouth bacteria and their



Watch for  
"DEMON DECAY"  
—the symbol  
of Ipana's  
"Fight Decay"  
Month

enzymes act on many foods to form tooth decay acids. It is necessary, therefore, to brush your teeth thoroughly with a tooth paste which destroys mouth bacteria and neutralises acid-forming enzymes. American tests show that brushing with Ipana right after eating can prevent up to 60 per cent. of tooth decay. You will be wise, therefore, to clean your teeth with Ipana... and only Ipana.

### BRUSH YOUR TEETH CORRECTLY

Another purpose of "Fight Decay" Month is to teach people to brush their teeth correctly. The way to "brush off" the Tooth Decay Demon is simple. You use Ipana and a firm brush. You brush with an up-down-and-around motion. You don't brush across the teeth. You want to assure that the anti-enzyme Ipana penetrates between the teeth where food particles are apt to lodge. Your dentist will tell you more about this and will give you a practical demonstration.



Pharmacists throughout Australia are uniting with the makers of Ipana tooth paste in a nation-wide "Fight Decay" campaign.

## Australia-wide Campaign

"Fight Decay" Month has not been established merely to sell Ipana—although the regular use of Ipana is vital to dental health. The "Fight Decay" campaign is operating throughout Australia because GOOD TEETH ARE ESSENTIAL TO GOOD HEALTH.

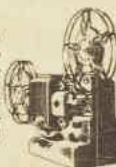
pharmacists of Australia for that reason. Ipana is sold only by chemists, because Ipana is the outcome of careful dental research. Ipana is designed not only to make your teeth look clean but to assure that they are dentally clean. Ipana is a pharmaceutical product.



Regular visits to the dentist are essential for the maintenance of sound, healthy teeth and gums. Every Australian should have a dental check-up twice a year.

No tooth paste in the world can obviate the need for a regular dental check-up. Nevertheless, as your dentist will tell you, use of an approved tooth paste is most important. Ipana is the approved tooth paste. It is recommended by 8 out of 10 dentists. Ipana is heading the nation-wide "Fight Decay" campaign in association with the

One of the many prizes to be won—  
"EUMIG"  
ELECTRIC  
MOVIE PRO-  
JECTOR WITH  
FILMS.



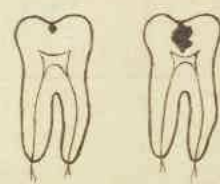
## WIN A MOVIE PROJECTOR! AND HELP TO FIGHT DECAY

Here's a wonderful opportunity for children! If you have a child between 12 and 15 years of age, or 11 years and under, he or she can win a MOVIE PROJECTOR WITH FILMS for the best 50-word answer to the following simple question—

"What is the best way to keep teeth clean and healthy?"

Answers must include name, address and date of birth, and should be addressed to "Ipana

Competition," P.O. Box 38, North Sydney, N.S.W., to arrive not later than 1st May, 1956. FIRST PRIZE in each age group—a "Eumig" electric movie projector with films (value approx. £70). SECOND PRIZE in each group—a Piccollo hand-operated movie projector with films (value approx. £15). Additional prizes include pictorial encyclopaedias, junior classics and novels, and attractively illustrated books for juveniles.



1. Decay begins in enamel. (Time for restorative filling.)



2. Decay spreads into dentine. (Master filling now required.)



3. Decay reaches pulp. (Tooth may have to be extracted.)



4. Pulp infected and destroyed. Abscess at end of root. (Tooth MUST BE EXTRACTED.)

### TOOTH DECAY MENACES HEALTH

Tooth decay, unless treated by a dentist, can undermine your health, poison your system. Cavities eaten out by food acids become repositories for further acid-forming bacteria. Fight tooth decay with Ipana. Ipana contains anti-decay WD-9. WD-9 is an active bacteria destroyer and anti-enzyme. Every single brushing with Ipana checks the bacterial enzyme action that produces tooth decay acids. If possible, brush your teeth with Ipana after every meal; but, remember, every single brushing helps to fight decay.

Johnny yelled at the top of his lungs.

Paul felt an elation out of all proportion to the small fact itself. It showed he was right in believing that if the people only knew the truth—Well, of course, it was only a straw in the wind, and yet it was a straw.

By eight and eight-thirty the reports from the county and small-town polling places were coming in fast with Paul leading. By nine returns from larger towns and the city districts were mixed, but with Paul still out in front and the party ticket as a whole running away ahead.

By nine-thirty Ken began to creep up, by ten and Paul were neck and neck. By ten-thirty, he was in the lead. The party ticket was not only sweeping the country—except for Paul's place on it—but the State as well.

"I'll admit it doesn't look too good, Paul, old boy," Johnny said consolingly. "But I'll tell you how I figure it. Of course, you did upset the party applecart a little. Then there wasn't time these last weeks for the decent people to get together on a reform vote, solid, you know, across party lines. But there was time for the loath to get their word around. They've got a secret grapevine that would fool the Devil himself, and they control plenty votes. Don't ever think they don't. So there you are, God try, old man, and don't be discouraged. Just up and at 'em again."

At eleven-thirty Paul conceded the election and sent the customary message of congratulation to his opponent, thinking as he did so of the farmer and his pail of running water.

Then he walked over to the window and stood for a moment apart looking out into the rainy night. The wet macadam of the street was shining with a strange black depth under the misted lights. But the darkness in his own heart was deeper.

Paul was tired. He attributed it to the hard work of his campaign, to his defeat. But he knew there were deeper reasons for the new lines in his face. It was his heart that was most weary, for there was still no word, no sign from Anne. One day he wrote a short note and sent it by special messenger.

Darling:

Do you realise that if your father had never tried to make the "deal" with me and I would never have met and loved and had our child? Have you thought also that if he had never written that paper you might never have walked again?

Love always,  
Paul.

The reply came so rapidly back that Paul was shaken with hope when the note was delivered to him. But the lines were brief, without beginning or ending.

I have thought of everything, but there is one bridge I cannot cross—yet.

He knew what that bridge was—the one leading to him and to their life together. He put the small paper next his heart, though there was little in the message to warm it.

In addition to his personal

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\* 8 out of 10 dentists recommend



\* Independent surveys show that of all dentists recommending a tooth paste, 8 out of 10 recommended Ipana above any other single brand.



Continuing . . . . .

# The Golden Journey

from page 64

again another haunted him. Devereux, in itself was part and parcel of the great gambling game of politics. A man who could not accept it and try to win was not of the stuff of which leaders are made. But there was still in him a sense of disillusionment, of disappointment in the people. It was childish, he told himself, and yet there it was. Even reckoning with Camponelli and his underworld influence, seemed to Paul that his four weeks of honest, vigorous laying out the facts should have resulted in more votes than he had. Not for him personally, but for principle, for clean government, for the uprooting of evil.

The damage came up at last and Hartwell and Harvey, with Paul representing them, went over to Sheffield. It gave a bit of solace to Paul's wounds, especially since it elicited from Hartwell one of his very rare professional compliments.

"Good work, Paul," he said. "You have the makings of a great lawyer in you if you ever decide to give up politics. It's only fair to tell you

"Thank you very much," Paul answered. "I've been wondering lately if I shouldn't just concentrate on the law and let the other go hang."

"I thought you were brooding along those lines. Only natural at the moment." The old man dangled his glasses on their ribbon. "But my advice is, keep an open mind for a while. Something may turn up to help you decide."

He could not have been more prophetic. The next week, Paul received a phone call from Dr. Rollins, rector of the old downtown church of St. John's, which stood just across from the office building in which Hartwell and Harvey had their note. Paul knew of him as perhaps the most influential minister in the city, but had never met him, so the announcement of his name came as a surprise.

"Mr. Devereux," he was saying, "would it be possible for you to meet a small group of men in my study on Thursday afternoon about four? We have a matter we are very interested in talking over with you?"

"Thursday at four? Why, yes, that time is convenient."

If he noticed the slight hesitation in Paul's voice, Dr. Rollins gave no sign.

"Good! We will expect you then. Come in through the Parish House and someone will be there to direct you to the study. I will look forward to seeing you. And thank you!"

"Now what does he want?" Paul muttered to himself. Then a phrase of the conversation recurred to him. A small group of men. Ah, he thought, I smell a big church dinner in the offing, with me as the speaker. So, I'm to meet the committee.

He sat, staring ahead of him. The whole business of speech-making in which he had taken such satisfaction, even joy, before had now lost its zest. And yet, a church affair—probably he shouldn't refuse that. Oh, well, he sighed, he would wait and see. He hadn't been asked yet.

On Thursday afternoon he all but forgot the meeting. He had been working unusually hard upon an important brief and looked up suddenly to see his desk clock at four. He jumped up, straightened his tie, and hurried over to the grey stone buildings across the way. An old verger met him at the entrance to the Parish House and conducted him to the study. The door was open so that Paul at once caught a glimpse of the men seated there. He had time to see Mr. Bovard, Johnny's father; Mr. Barker, of the Barker Bank; and Joe Donnelly, editor and publisher of the "Daily Gazette." In the split second he realised that this was not

a committee for a church dinner.

Dr. Rollins came forward and greeted him warmly.

"Some of these men I believe you already know—"

When the introductions were over and they were all seated Dr. Rollins came swiftly to the point.

"Mr. Devereux, we, along with many others, followed the last weeks of your campaign with very special interest. We are men who in one line of work or another have deep roots in our city here. We have been increasingly concerned over local conditions. As you doubtless know a year from now we elect a mayor." He

The way to love anything is to realise that it might be lost.

—G. K. Chesterton

paused, smiled, and then added, "To put it bluntly, we would like you to run for that office on a straight reform platform. We feel you can be elected, and we will back you with all the various resources at our disposal. While you are catching your breath I would like these other men to amplify what I have just said."

Mr. Barker spoke first in his measured voice.

"If we are ever going to clean up this city we've got to have a man at the head who is himself completely incorruptible. I had a little experience recently with Mr. Devereux which I think would be relevant to mention at this point. For certain reasons I wanted him in our organisation. While I would not say that I was attempting to buy him, that element was perhaps present in my thought. So I sent for him and offered him a salary most young men would jump at. He declined at once, refusing even to take time to think it over."

I had the feeling he knew intuitively that money was being used as a pressure upon him and that he could not be influenced in this way. That, gentlemen, is, I think, a very important qualification for the man we are looking for."

Joe Donnelly removed his cigarette. "As I see it from the publicity angle just merely a good, incorruptible candidate is not enough to swing this thing, even if we all get behind him. This is going to be a fight and a big one. The reason I think we've got a chance with Devereux is because he's got the personality. He's got looks, too, and, brother, that does no harm to the women's vote. I tell you! Don't let me embarrass you, Devereux," he added as Paul looked uncomfortable while the others laughed. "But seriously, Devereux here has a sort of dynamic dramatic quality in his speeches that not only sways the people, but makes what he says quotable. We can really make news of him as well as editorial comment. Our paper will support him, and since our reporters get into a good many back doors we can keep an eye on C and his rats as we go along. That may be pretty useful."

Mr. Bovard had little to say except that he felt things were going from bad to worse in the city and that while he was no horse dealer himself, he could at least put some money on the race. The other men smiled and Donnelly clapped him on the back. The fifth man, a Mr. Walters, also said little but the others appeared more than satisfied. He stated merely that since he had had some experience in local affairs he would be glad to help handle the proposed campaign.

Then Dr. Rollins summed up.

"Perhaps we have not been quite fair, Mr. Devereux, in letting you have no say up to this point. To be honest, we were all afraid that if you spoke at once you would refuse. Our feeling is that if we start now and work steadily for

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To page 65

# HEADACHE & PAIN

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\*Of course, the light and delicate white wines—Hock, Chablis, Sauternes, Moselle and Riesling—are wonderful for barbecues, too. Serve them chilled. There are no "musts" about wine—the right wine is the one you like.

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Continuing . . . . .

## The Golden Journey

from page 65

a year to build up a solid reform vote for you, you can win. My part, for example, will be to get as many church people as possible of all faiths to organise to this end. Mr. Barker and Mr. Bovard will see to the business and professional groups. Mr. Donnelly will handle the publicity and editorial build-up, and that's just the beginning, as Mr. Walters will tell you. Well," he drew a deep breath, "I guess we can delay no longer in hearing your reaction. You know the conditions here—what do you say?"

Paul's emotions up to this point had been tumultuous: astonishment, almost consternation, with pride also in the trust of these picked men and a hot desire to engage in this fight with them, as their leader. His lips opened to say he would of course need time to consider before giving them his answer. As he started to speak he met the cold keen grey eyes of Mr. Barker watching him intently. It had been his own immediate decision that day in the banker's office which had won the latter's approval and support.

Suddenly, to his own surprise, he heard himself saying, "Gentlemen, I will run."

Back in the office he found a message asking him to call Briggs, the lawyer. Paul did so, mechanically.

"Oh, Devereux, I just wanted to report that Malotte is back in the Kirkland office. The woman there, Miss Sayles, has been quite upset these past weeks, but now I trust all will go smoothly until you and your wife decide what you want to do with the business. I just thought I'd let you know about Malotte."

About Malotte. About Arno. He was back, delivered into his adversary's hand. Paul dismissed his secretary and sat thinking. He could go over to the office now and have it out with Arno. Knock his teeth in as he has burned to do. But somehow that fury was spent. He had no desire to harm him now; instead a strange pity for the man touched him. He himself of all men knew best the temptation of Anne's loveliness.

It was even possible that Arno had cherished a secret passion for her. That idea had never occurred to him before, but it could be. If so—poor devil! He needed no further punishment.

With a gesture, as though brushing Arno aside once and for all, Paul sat hunched over his desk, concentrating on the momentous thing which had

happened to him that afternoon. Perhaps because he had then been thinking of Anne he was struck with a new fear. He had just now pledged himself to run for mayor. He had done so without consulting his wife, without even telling her of his decision before giving it to the men. And this that he was about to enter upon was a very different thing from the race for senator with the beckoning, glamorous future, only half named and yet half acknowledged between them. This would be a grim and sordid fight with no great glory at the end even if he won, except the satisfaction of work well done.

Yes, Anne had a right to know this, to be consulted. And yet—even if she opposed it he knew he must go on. He must accept the challenge.

He sat for some time thinking, fearing, wondering. At last he rose. There was one person by whom his news would be received with joy. He would go into the other office now and tell Hartwell.

In the big house on West Hill life had fallen into slow, patterned days. The first sharpness of her grief for Jimmy had merged for Anne into a steady weight of loneliness. This was entirely different from the anguish of her broken relations with Paul. This was a continual, heavy-laden sense of loss. She saw her whole life against her father's personality: vivid little pleasures of her childhood which he had planned kept coming back to her; all the companionship of her growing years with him; the poignant tenderness of his constant care of her!

She was half aware and yet unwilling to admit that she was using this natural sorrow for her father as a sort of opiate against the torturing confusion of her broken faith in Paul. She kept going on day after day unable to see or think be-

### Notice to Contributors

**P**LEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2500 to 3000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

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yond the first facts of their courtship as she believed them to be. Sometimes in the still darkness of the night she was overcome with shame because her love for him persisted—though wounded—passionate and undiminished in the depths of her being. But how could she take him back?

The proof that he had truly loved her from the first, even with her handicap, that he had been entirely uninfluenced by her father's offered "deal" could be given only by himself, and the bitter tragedy was that he was the one person she was unable to believe. So in a prison of dull circling thoughts of pain Anne pursued her days, lightened only by the joy of her motherhood.

One feature of her altered life amazed her: this was her almost casual acceptance now of the wonder of her cure. It was so natural, so normal to walk that often for a whole day she forgot she had ever been unable to do so. She still dreaded outside contacts. She felt she could not yet bear the voluble and high-pitched exclamations and questions of her young friends. Hackett was, indeed, given an assortment of excuses to make for her when they called. She confined herself to the baby, to her music, to Davy; to the upper floor of the house and to the garden.

She went over to Mrs. Gatherby's frequently to dinner; but while it always lightened her mood temporarily, her inability to share her inner burden kept an invisible barrier between them.

It was Sunday, and old Hartwell was coming to dinner. It had been upon sudden impulse that Anne had called to invite him and he had accepted with a touching alacrity. As she dressed she wondered what news he would give her of Paul. She would ask nothing of course, but it was inevitable that the old man would mention him. She wondered how much he knew of the estrangement. But since Paul had evidently confided no facts to Gran it was unlikely he would do so to Hartwell.

Her hands trembled as she prepared to go down to receive him. For the first time since Jimmy's death she was using the dining-room. It had to be done sometime and she had nerved herself to go through the ordeal today, only asking Hackett to make the big table as small as possible.

When she entered the library Hartwell was already

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## EMBROIDERY TRANSFER



• Table linens, tray-cloths, towels, aprons, and curtains can be embroidered with any of the 30 or more colorful and attractive poppy sprays and designs, some of which are shown above in color. Transfer sheet No. 208 measures 24in. x 28in. and is obtainable from our Needlework Department, price 2/6. For address, see page 73

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—March 7, 1956





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there in his immaculate linen and finely tailored black. He rose stiffly to meet her, tried to be casual, but the first expression of shock remained on his face.

"You have been ill, my dear," he said gently.

"Not ill," Anne replied. "Only tired and very, very sad. I'm so glad to see you." A little flash of her old impulsiveness made her add, "Even gladder than I expected to be."

"There couldn't be a nicer welcome and I assure you the feeling is mutual."

They talked then over their sherry of the baby, of the weather, of Mrs. Catherby, who was to have come but was detained by a cold, and gradually of the election. Anne listened but said little. The generalities continued during dinner until it seemed when they were once again in the library with their coffee that there was nothing more of safe content left to discuss.

Suddenly, as though nerving himself for something which took courage, Hartwell set down his cup and leaned forward.

"My dear," he said, "I am very anxious about Paul."

Her face stiffened, but she did not reply.

"I have not asked him about his personal affairs this time. His face forbade it. But I did once before when he looked as he does now."

"When was that?" Anne said quickly.

"It was before you were married. Before you were engaged. I was at his rooms to dinner. I had known for weeks that he was suffering, so I made so bold as to ask if he cared to confide in me. He did so. That's why I'm anxious about him now. He looks the same as at that time."

Anne's voice was not steady as she spoke. "What did he tell you then?"

Hartwell looked up in surprise. "Only what of course now you know."

"Please tell me. You can't understand how important this may be to me!"

"Well," he said, "your father had made him a sort of offer to help him politically if he

Continuing

would try to marry you. This was offensive to Paul and he told him so. Later, however, he met you and fell in love, but at this time of which I'm speaking you were refusing to see him, and he was quite in despair. I advised him not to give up—to keep trying."

Anne had sprung from her chair and dropped on her knees before the old man, her arms about his waist.

"Oh, tell me everything," she implored. "Everything. This is life or death to me!"

His astonishment was evident, but he touched her gently.

"Why, my dear, I had no idea I was saying anything new to you. I don't remember the rest of the conversation except something I said of which I'm not too proud now as I recall it. I could see, of course, the tremendous advantage to him in a family alliance with—well, with the State Boss, so I asked him if his love for you was entirely independent of his affairs with your father."

"Yes?" Anne breathed.

### SWIFT-MOVING NEW MYSTERY SERIAL

OPENING instalment will appear next week of "Death In the Wind," intriguing mystery serial by Edwin Lanham, one of America's most popular and entertaining authors.

Set on Connecticut's hurricane shore, the serial was inspired by Lanham's experiences when the eye of a hurricane passed over his own home on this shore. It moves with some of a hurricane's speed and ruthlessness as it catches Bradley Davis up in a whirl of circumstantial evidence, while a beautiful girl and a wistful small boy fight to establish his innocence.

Was ten-year-old Pierre only romancing or was his story vital evidence? What clue lay in the strange set of numbers? What was the information that the French fisherman had tried to sell? These are some of the provocative questions which combine with romance and appealing character interest to make this one of our most readable mystery serials.

Watch for the opening instalment in next week's issue.

## The Golden Journey

from page 66

"He said, 'Completely! Utterly!' I remember the words."

She was on her feet, and the old man had the impression of a winged thing poised for instant flight.

"I must talk to Paul at once, if I only knew where to find him."

"He's working in the office. I just saw him before I came. You can call him there."

"I must go to him," she said, and the look in her eyes made those of the old man mist over. "Won't you just wait here and read—and stay on to supper so Paul can see you, too? And forgive me now, I must hurry—I must go—"

She was out of the room. Hartwell could see her running up the stairs, running down in a moment in hat and coat. He could hear her leaving the house, and in a moment the sound of her car in the drive.

He was still amazed and a little confused over what had

happened; but one thing was clear. He, old, barren, and childless, who loved them so, had somehow fathered their happiness.

Anne drove as fast as she dared. She parked in front of the office building, and found the outer door unlocked. The elevator, of course, was not running, but she scarcely knew she was climbing the stairs. On the third floor she stopped breathless before the chaste lettering of "Hartwell and Harvey, Attorneys-at-Law." She opened the door softly.

Paul sat at his desk intent and lined. She went a few steps farther and he looked up. He rose, slowly, unbelievably. She came close and laid her head against his breast. For a long time they stood speechless, feeling the rapture of each other's nearness—the touch, the kisses.

At last she looked into his face.

"Can you forgive me? Will you come back?"

His voice broke with tenderness.

"My darling, I've never really been away!"

He sat down, drew her to his knee, and held her close while they talked of all that had happened during the weeks of their estrangement, up to this very day. He told her then of his new plans, hesitating as he repeated his promise to run for mayor. But Anne made no objection.

At last they rose to leave. At the door Paul looked down at her.

"Darling," he said, "I must warn you again. This may not only be a rough road I'm to travel, but a dead-end at that."

"I don't think so," she said. "It may be only the beginning. But whatever it is," and the light on her face blinded him, "I will be with you all the way."

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# FOR GARDEN CHEFS

• A picnic table arranged close to the outdoor barbecue is convenient in many ways, and provides a touch of color.

THE table can be set beforehand.

Just before the barbecued grills are served, bring out the bread, butter, fruit, drinks, and any other item that is better kept indoors until the last moment.

Some very delicious barbecue dishes lend themselves to advance preparation indoors, especially those meat dishes that are tenderised by marinating in wine, spiced vinegars, or sauces.

All spoon measurements in the following recipes are level.

## STEAK VALERIAN

Two pounds thick rump steak, 12 small button mushrooms (tinned or bottled mushrooms may be used), tomato sauce, chives, salt, pepper, 1 cup red wine.

Slit the steak to make a pocket. Brush inside of pocket with tomato sauce, fill with mushrooms and chopped chives, season with salt and pepper. Join pocket with small skewers or sew up with coarse thread. Soak the prepared steak in the wine for 1 hour, timing the preparation so the barbecue fire will be ready to cook the steak at the end of this period. Grill over glowing coals, turning once or twice.

Note: Oysters may be substituted for mushrooms.

## SAUSAGE HOT-POT

Two pounds sausages, 4 onions, 2 large potatoes, 2 apples, 2 bananas, 4 tomatoes,



1 dessertspoon sugar, salt, pepper,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup stock.

Prick sausages well, cover with cold water, bring to the boil, and drain. Place in one large casserole or divide between two small casseroles. Cover with a layer of sliced onion and sliced potato. Peel, core, and slice apples, arrange on top of onion and potato, then add a layer of sliced banana. Season each layer with salt and pepper. Pour stock carefully down side of dish. Cut tomatoes in halves, place cut side up on top of banana layer, sprinkle with sugar. Cover and bake in moderate oven 1 to  $1\frac{1}{2}$

hours. Reheat over barbecue fire.

## MEAT BALLS IN MEXICAN SAUCE

Two rashers bacon, 1 onion, 4 tomatoes,  $\frac{1}{2}$  small green pepper,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  cups water, salt and pepper to taste,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  lb. minced steak,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup soft breadcrumbs, 2 eggs, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley.

Chop bacon finely, removing rind. Skin tomatoes and chop, then chop the

peeled onion. Chop the green pepper finely, removing stem and seeds. Cook bacon for 3 or 4 minutes in its own fat, adding a nut of butter if bacon is very lean. Add tomatoes, onion, green pepper, and water. Season with salt and pepper, cover, and simmer until tomatoes are pulpy and green pepper is soft. Rub through a coarse strainer, making a smooth sauce.

Prepare meat balls. Combine steak, flour, breadcrumbs, beaten eggs, and parsley. Mix well, season with salt and pepper. Shape into small balls, using floured fingers. Place in casserole dish, pour sauce over. Cover and bake in moderate oven 1 hour. Reheat over barbecue fire.

## PINEAPPLE TOPSY TURVY

Four tablespoons butter or substitute, 4 tablespoons brown sugar, 5 thin pineapple slices, 1 tablespoon chopped cherries, 6oz. self-raising flour, 2oz. butter, 2oz. sugar, 1 or 2 eggs,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk.

Melt the butter, brown it slightly, but do not allow it to burn. Add brown sugar and mix to a smooth consistency. Spread over base of 8in. sandwich-tin. Arrange a pattern of overlapping pineapple slices and chopped cherries. Sift flour, rub in butter or substitute, add the 2oz. sugar. Mix with beaten egg and milk. Pour over pineapple, bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes. Turn out, serve hot or cold.

ATTRACTIVE barbecue table features a central motif of daisies clustered round the base of the umbrella-pole. This picture is a close-up of Miss Jay's colorful barbecue setting shown on page 30.

## BARBECUE NOTIONS

Continued from page 33

**Herbed Tomatoes:** Peel small, ripe tomatoes. Leave whole, drizzle with a simple French dressing (equal parts of oil and vinegar), sprinkle with chopped parsley and chopped chives. Chill until serving time.

**Golden Corn on the Cob:** This is the ideal barbecue vegetable. Remove outer covering and silk from corncobs, cut cobs in halves. Drop into boiling water, cook without salt for 15 to 20 minutes, according to age and size of corn. Add salt for last five minutes of cooking time—it has a toughening effect if added earlier. Drain, coat liberally with melted butter, sprinkle with pepper. Corn cooked in this way is eaten off the cob held in the fingers.

**Glazed Apple Rings:** Delicious with barbecued pork chops. Core apples, leave unpeeled. Cut into  $\frac{1}{2}$ in. slices. Brown lightly in melted butter in heavy pan over barbecue fire. Place cover over pan, and draw it to one side where heat is less fierce. Cook until apples are tender, turning several times.

**Melon Treats:** Serve chunks of watermelon and wedges of cantaloupe with lemon quarters to squeeze over the cantaloupe, and a bowl of sugar for those with a sweet tooth.

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## SOME PIQUANT SAUCES

ADD to the enjoyment of a barbecue meal by serving a tasty garnish or a piquant sauce with the meat course.

### SAUCE FOR BARBECUED PORK CHOPS

One onion, 1 dessertspoon olive oil, 1 clove of garlic,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups stock (made with a bouillon cube), 1 tablespoon flour, salt and pepper, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon chopped mint,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lemon, 1 orange, 1 dessertspoon mixed mustard, 1 tablespoon muscat.

Fry chopped onion in the oil. Add crushed garlic and fry lightly. Add a little of the stock and simmer until reduced in quantity. Blend flour with a little of the stock, add balance of stock, and stir into onion and garlic. Simmer five minutes. Season with salt and pepper. Add parsley and mint. Slice peeled orange and lemon thinly, cut slices into quarters. Add to sauce with mustard and muscat. Heat without boiling.

### BARBECUE SAUCE

One tablespoon good shortening, 1 onion, 1 tablespoon flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup vinegar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup tomato sauce, 2 table-spoons sugar, 1 tablespoon mixed mustard, 1 teaspoon salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon pepper, 1 thick slice lemon.

Melt shortening, add chopped onion, fry until lightly browned. Stir in flour, then liquid ingredients. Stir until boiling, add sugar, mustard, salt, pepper, and lemon. Cover and simmer 10 minutes. Remove lemon, serve.

### TOMATO GARNISH

Three or four tomatoes, 1 dessertspoon butter, salt, pepper, 3 tablespoons tomato sauce, 3 tablespoons claret or burgundy.

Skin and slice tomatoes, place in small pan with butter, salt and pepper. When butter is melted and tomatoes slightly softened, add liquid ingredients and simmer until some of the liquid has evaporated. Serve a spoonful on each portion of grilled meat.

That's the flavah I like old boy, VENCAT flavah!



'Famous throughout the world'

# VENCATACHELLUM CURRY

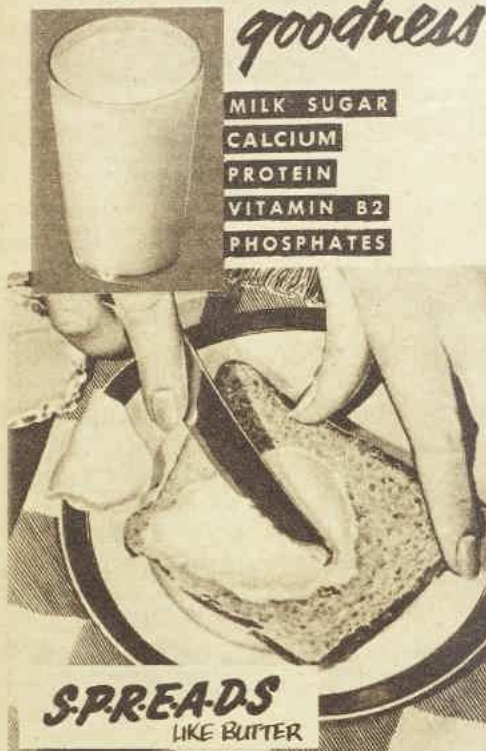
THE WORLDS BEST CURRY





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Elizabeth Cooke, Kraft Nutrition Expert says:

"In making ordinary cheese, milk sugar, some of the milk minerals and Vitamin B<sub>2</sub> are run off in the whey. But Velveeta puts them back—adds all these precious food elements to the other vitamins, protein, calcium and phosphates so essential to good health."

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Velveeta spreads like butter. Saves butter, too, because you don't need butter when you spread delicious, money-saving Velveeta!



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USE



**FAULDING  
ESSENCES**

## PRIZE RECIPES

● Custard squash filled with cheese, eggs, and green pepper wins £5 this week.

FOR variety, try using minced raw meats, diced cooked leftover meats, tomatoes with rice, or mushrooms as filling.

Vegetable shortcake, which wins a consolation prize, is an excellent way of making an appetising meal with leftover vegetables.

All spoon measurements in the following recipes are level.

### CHEESE-FILLED CUSTARD SQUASH

Three small custard squash, 1 cup grated cheese, 2 eggs (hard boiled), 1 green pepper, 1 onion, 2 teaspoons chopped parsley, salt and pepper to taste, 1 cup buttered breadcrumbs.

Slice off tops of squash and remove seeds. Parboil (whole) with green pepper for 5-10 minutes. Finely chop pepper, eggs, and onion and mix with grated cheese and seasonings. Pack into squash centres, sprinkle with buttered crumbs. Cover with greased paper and bake in a moderate oven 30 minutes.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. Watts, 16 Queens Rd., Westmead, N.S.W.



**LONG, COOL DRINKS.** corn on the cob, chicken pieces (steamed, then sauteed in butter over the barbecue fire), salad, and wedges of watermelon are fine barbecue food.

### VEGETABLE SHORTCAKE

Eight ounces self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon mustard, 1 teaspoon cayenne, 2oz. butter, 1 cup grated cheese, 1 egg, 1 cup

milk, 2 cups white sauce, 2 cups diced cooked vegetables.

Sift together dry ingredients, rub in butter, and add 1 cup grated cheese. Mix to a soft dough with beaten egg and milk. Turn on to a floured board and knead lightly, roll into round shape, cut into 6 or 8 wedges, and fit into greased tin. Bake in hot oven 20-30 minutes. Heat white sauce, mix in vegetables, and fill split wedges of shortcake. Top with grated cheese and return to oven 3-5 minutes to melt cheese.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. C. W. Castle, 115 Senate Rd., Port Pirie, S.A.

### FAMILY DISH

**C**OLD cooked corned beef is used in this week's family dish. It costs approximately 5/6 and serves four or five.

#### BEEF AND TOMATO CASSEROLE

Two to 2½ cups diced cooked corned beef, 1 cup grated cheese, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 3 tomatoes, 1 onion, salt and pepper to taste, 1 teaspoon mustard, 1 egg, 1 pint milk, butter or substitute, 2 extra tablespoons breadcrumbs.

Spread one-third of the corned beef over base of greased casserole. Cover with half of the skinned and sliced tomatoes and finely chopped onion. Season with salt and pepper. Add half cheese, breadcrumbs, and mustard, mixed together. Add another layer of meat, then rest of tomato and onion. Season again; add rest of cheese and breadcrumbs, and top with remaining meat. Beat egg with milk and spoon into casserole. Cover with lid or greased paper, and bake in moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes. Remove cover, dot with butter or substitute, and sprinkle with breadcrumbs. Return to oven for further 15 minutes. Serve hot or cold.

### Tony's luxury dish

## BEEF NOEL PETER

**T**HIS braised beef is a specialty of the famous Noel Peter restaurant in Paris. The success of this dish lies in the larding.

For five or six people you will need:

Three pounds rump steak, 2 slices salted pork (cut in thick), 2 onions, 2 carrots, 2 cups dry white wine, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 teaspoons chopped parsley, 1 clove of finely chopped garlic, 1 teaspoon sage, 1 teaspoon marjoram, 2 tablespoons chicken fat, 4 cups water, 1 teaspoon tomato paste, 6 sprigs thyme, 1 bay leaf.

Cut the slices of salted pork into long thin strips. Combine parsley, garlic, and seasonings, and spread the mixture on a plate. Roll each pork strip in the mixture before inserting it in the beef with a larding needle. If you do not have a larding needle, cut strips of pork in thirds with a sharp-pointed knife. Cut openings in both ends of the beef and poke the pieces of pork into the meat. When that is done, melt fat in a deep heavy pan, and brown meat on all sides. Chop onions and carrots very fine and add to meat. Allow to cook for five minutes, then pour off excess fat. Add wine and let it boil down while preparing sauce.

Melt butter in a saucepan and let it brown. Stir in the flour. When brown add water and tomato paste and stir until sauce is smooth. Pour over the beef, almost covering it. Add herbs tied into a bouquet, cover the saucepan, and let simmer for three hours. Remove meat to a heated dish. Strain sauce into a small saucepan, skim off as much fat as possible. If sauce is too thin, boil it down over a high heat for a few minutes. Serve very hot. This dish can be served with rice or spaghetti.

## CARE OF YOUR BABY'S HAIR

By Sister MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

ONE of the signs of good health and nutrition in a baby or toddler is the condition of the hair.

A young and inexperienced mother, because of nervousness, may often neglect that part of the scalp over what is commonly known as the "soft spot."

At bath-time the mother should soap her hand and, holding baby over the bath, carefully but firmly massage the whole of the scalp, over the soft spot as well as the rest of

the head. Always use a good baby soap, be careful to rinse all the suds off, and dry the head thoroughly or cradle-cap may result.

My parentcraft book, "You and Your Baby," is obtainable from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney, or at booksellers in the capital cities. Price 12/6, plus 9d. postage. Please print name and address clearly when ordering.

EVERY BABY'S  
MUMMY SHOULD  
READ **BABY**  
MAGAZINE

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## Recognise that Kellogg's Corn Flakes smile?

It's seen around breakfast tables the world over as millions of little troupers get off to a rustling good start with Kellogg's Corn Flakes. What youngster — or grown up — can resist that lively flavour, extra crispness, deep-down goodness?

And here's a happy thought. Nutrition tests show that we work better and feel better if we get a third of our day's nourishment at breakfast-time. They also show that the easiest, most delicious way to get it is to serve Kellogg's Corn Flakes with milk and sugar, fruit and buttered toast. Why not start tomorrow?

CF-B

*24 big breakfasts in each large packet! Kellogg's Corn Flakes are your biggest breakfast bargain — and not a greasy pot or pan to wash!*







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Bath  
Blossoms 7/11

## New look is not so new

Architect's Diary  
by Sydney architect  
W. J. McMurray

Janette Parker (the name is mine) is an admirer of contemporary trends in architecture and particularly likes the "open" plan.

"I LIKE the idea of combining lounge, dining-room, sunroom, and kitchen in one big area," she said. "It gives a wonderful feeling of informality and it's ideal for entertaining. Besides, it's such a change from the old style of house where everything had to be segregated."

"Well, it depends on what you mean by 'old style,'" I answered. "If you delve back into medieval days you'll find they left modern people standing in the matter of informal living."

"Life in the early feudal manor houses of England was centred in the great hall. In Saxon times it was the only room for sleeping, eating, living, and cooking for family, servants, and guests."

"Apparently privacy was not important then. At what stage did they begin to introduce separate rooms in houses?" asked Mrs. Parker.

"During the Norman period of the 11th and 12th centuries the typical manor house acquired the added convenience of kitchens at one end of the common hall and a private room at the other end, known as a 'solar.' This was the beginning of the house plan as we know it today."

"It still sounds a bit primitive. When were bedrooms introduced?"

"The 14th century, called the 'Decorated Period' in architecture, provided big improvements in planning. The great hall was still used as sleeping quarters for servants and as a dining and recreation room for all. But the appearance of a private room called the lady's bower, and additional bedrooms indicated the desire for more privacy."

"What happened to the 'solar'?" asked Mrs. Parker.

"The 'solar' became known as the 'withdrawing-room,' or, as we know it, the drawing-room. It was sometimes upstairs, often with a peep-hole for the master to keep an eye on the servants in the great hall below."

"Cooking facilities were still a bit rough and ready, I suppose?"

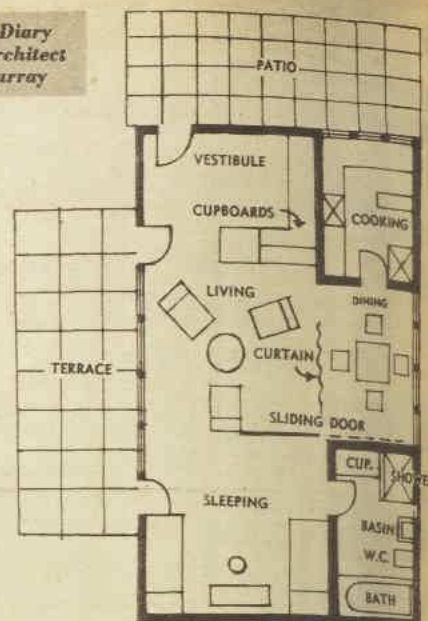
"Less so than in the earlier period, when cooking was done over an open hearth in the centre of the great hall, the smoke finding its way out through a hole in the roof. During the 'Decorated Period' the kitchen arrangements were separate, and included

the buttery, the pantry, and the larder."

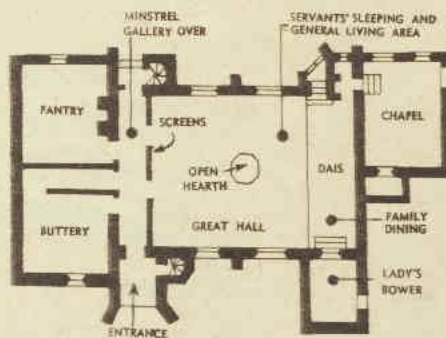
"These manor houses would not be the ordinary people's homes," Mrs. Parker commented.

"They were, in a sense. In those days people grouped together under the protection of feudal lords, and the manor houses were often fortified to give protection from roving hordes of cut-throats who were common then."

"Individual houses to peasants and 'free-men' were rare, and consisted of little more than a primitive single room hut."



MODERN "OPEN" DESIGN (above) is similar to that of medieval manors. (See illustration below.)



PLAN of a manor showing the medieval "open" design.



## A glass of Andrews in the morning makes you feel *Fine!*

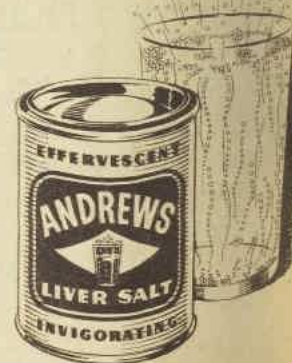
**Here's why:** Sparkling Andrews refreshes the mouth and helps to clean the tongue.

Effervescent Andrews is antacid: soothes your stomach; corrects digestive upsets; tones up the liver and checks biliousness.

Pleasant-tasting Andrews is the mildest of laxatives: gently clears your system of harmful impurities; thus promoting inner cleanliness.

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# Fashion PATTERNS

FASHION Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney (postal address, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart. New Zealand readers to Box 668, G.P.O., Auckland.

**F3991.**—American-style shirt-blouse and separate tailored skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust and 24 to 30in. waist. Requires: Blouse, 2½yds. 36in. material; skirt, 1½yds. 54in. material. Price 3/9.

**F3999.**—Designed for the teens, two-piece suit with sleeveless jacket. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. material. Price 4/6.

**F3995.**—Smart one-piece overall slacks. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2yds. 54in. material. Price 3/9.

**F3999**

**F4043.**—Beginners' pattern for a small girl's one-piece dress. Sizes: Lengths 20, 23, 28, and 34in. for 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 1½ to 2½yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price 2/6.

**F3939.**—Autumn-winter jacket styled with new low-slung waistline. Sizes 32 to 40in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. material. Price 3/9.

**F4044.**—Slender line one-piece. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. material. Price 3/9.

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

• Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication.

### No. 187.—APRON

Practical "cover-up" apron is obtainable cut out ready to make in check cotton gingham. The color choice includes red and white, blue and white, and green and white. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust 14/11, postage and registration 1/3 extra.

### No. 188.—DUCHESS SET

Attractively designed duchesse set featuring a lily-of-the-valley motif is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The set includes one centre mat and two smaller mats. The material and color choice includes cream and white Irish linen, and sheer linen in blue, green, pink, and lemon. Price 9/11, postage 9d. extra.

### No. 189.—TEA-TOWELS

The tea-towels are obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material is good-quality cotton, finished with centred multi-colored stripes. Sizes 20 x 32in. Price 6/11 each, postage 9d. extra. Set of three 19/11, postage 2/9 extra.

### No. 190.—INFANT'S LAYETTE

Four-piece layette including dress, petticoat slip, nightgown, and jacket. The material is flannelette, obtainable in white only. Prices: Dress 12/11, postage and registration 1/6 extra; petticoat slip 7/11, postage and registration 1/- extra; nightgown 14/6, postage and registration 1/6 extra; jacket 7/11, postage and registration 1/- extra. Complete set 35/11, postage and registration 2/- extra.

**189**

**188**

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**1** Sewing on. Sew "Rufflette" brand tape either side up, along top and bottom edge, allowing for suitable heading.

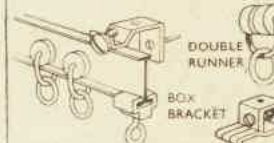
**2** Pleating. Knot drawcords firmly at one end and pleat by drawing from the other end. Never cut surplus cord.

**3** Inserting Hooks. Slip hooks or rings turnover fashion into woven pockets.

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for world domination made by Grax, dictator of the "Isle of the Giant," who had installed a secret H-bomb plant there. Mandrake, Narda, and Lothar re-embark to continue their voyage. NOW READ ON.

NIGHT ON THE OCEAN WIND



TO BE CONTINUED



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## Housewife takes a job



### IT'S WORTH WATCHING THE WAY SHE HANDLES A WINDOW DEMONSTRATION

Mrs. J. Kennedy, of 9 The Strand, Penhurst, who is a housewife and a demonstrator for a big Sydney store, decided to fit in a job, as well as running a home, to help buy a new car. Interviewed at work, pretty Mrs. Kennedy says, "In my job my hands are always in the limelight and they must be well groomed. I do all my own laundry and, of course, there is the eternal washing up, but I use Persil. I think this is the most gentle washing powder of all for a woman's hands. Persil is a marvellous washer, too—I wouldn't use anything else."

F.125.WW42g

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Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 65/6, 36 and 38in. bust 66/11. Postage and registration 2/9 extra.

made in printed woven cotton. The color choice includes lemon and black, red and black, green and black, and blue and black, all printed on a white ground.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 65/6, 36 and 38in. bust 66/11. Postage and registration 2/9 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 45/6, 36 and 38in. bust 46/11. Postage and registration 2/9 extra.



"JASMINE."—Neatly styled one-piece dress made in printed woven cotton. The color choice includes lemon and black, red and black, green and black, and blue and black, all printed on a white ground.

Note: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 72. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 445 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.

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